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JULY 3, 1961

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Next week

Baseball's weapon of terror is the bean ball pitch, which is in frequent and alarming use today. Roger Kahn analyzes all its variations, including the knockdown and brushback.

Jack Olsen makes a close study of the trophy hunters, those supremely selective sportsmen who may refuse to shoot an animal if he is smaller than the one Joe shot last year.

As the powers that control amateur tennis prepare to meet and vote at Stockholm, Martin Kane examines the team facing a game that is hopelessly divided against itself.



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SCORECARD

BOWLS OF GRAVY

"Blacking out," a television term that means keeping an event off TV screens in or near the city in which it takes place, has always been a special annoyance to sports fans. They would like to have the choice of seeing a local event in person or watching it on a screen. The local blackout, however, must be considered a minor irritation compared to the major arrogance now under consideration by some promoters in connection with football bowl games.

If the idea is approved, people in Los Angeles not only will be unable to see a telecast of the Rose Bowl but will find the Cotton, Orange and Sugar bowls missing as well. The same super-blackout will apply in Dallas, Miami and New Orleans. In other words, you go to your local bowl game or you don't see any bowl game at all. "It is my personal belief," said Stuart W. Patton, TV-radio chairman of the Orange Bowl Committee, last week, "that the blackout system must be adopted within five years. Television, which has been of vast benefit to bowl games, is now becoming a menace. But the bowl people are concerned about the public opinion in such a blackout."

Mr. Patton and all other bowl promoters had damn well better be concerned about the reaction to a plan so clearly based on greed. The over-all average attendance at the four big bowl games for the past five years was 82,177. At no time in these five years did the crowd at any of them fall below 68,000. That ought to satisfy any promoter.

INSIDE TRACK

- After 70 years of building wooden boats, Chris-Craft, world's biggest producer of pleasure craft, is going to try fiber glass. Within two months the company will announce a new line of plastic cruisers and runabouts.

- The Los Angeles team in the new National Professional Bowling League will offer season tickets for its 68-match home schedule for \$350 (about \$5.10 per match), while tickets for individual

matches will go for \$4.95, \$4.60 and \$3.50. Other promoters doubt that the bowling sponsors will be able to maintain these sky-high prices.

- The New York Racing Association will change the conditions of the middle leg of The Triple Crown for Fillies—The Mother Goose—so that all three races will be run on an equal-weight basis in 1962. Under this year's conditions, Bowl of Flowers had to give four pounds to Furlong and was beaten by a head. A length, according to handicapping principles, equals three pounds at a mile. Bowl of Flowers won the other two legs of The Triple Crown and probably would have won The Mother Goose at equal weights.

STICKIEST WICKET

Too often, we believe, our colleagues on the political side try to illuminate a complex international situation by comparing it with one in sport—and the result is linguistic chaos. Here in evidence



is the lead editorial from a recent issue of that noted British magazine, *The Economist*:

"Cricketing pundits say that England came within an ace of losing the first test match at Edgbaston last week largely because at a critical moment on the first afternoon two relative newcomers to the side, Messrs. Allen and Illing-

worth, wasted a precious three-quarters of an hour by putting balls back to the bowler along an admittedly sticky wicket. No doubt these seemed natural tactics while the ball was rearing up so uncomfortably at them, but the main practical result was to ensure that, by the time their opponents came in to face their own off-spin bowling, the wicket had hardened in those opponents' favour. The big political question of the hour is whether the same mistake is now being made by Britain's Prime Minister in relation to the Common Market."

Well, it looks like Mr. Macmillan is in quite a mess. Or is he? Did he take a strike on a hit-and-run signal? Did he walk Cletis Boyer in order to get at Roger Maris? Did he slide into third only to find Babe Herman there already? Did he call for a punt on a third-and-one situation? Understanding the Common Market is difficult enough. If we have to do it by way of illustrations from cricket (or even baseball) we might as well give up.

CRUMBLE COOKIE

It came as no news at all last week when Cookie Lavagetto was fired as manager of the Minnesota Twins. The team was slumping, the folks in Minneapolis-St. Paul, Fergus Falls and Sleepy Eye were supposedly clamoring for someone's head to roll, and so, of course, Cookie's rolled.

The Twins have been in every spot in the American League, from first to 10th, since the season began. They now rest uncomfortably in ninth place, only a breath ahead of the Los Angeles Angels, a team composed of a few guys from around the corner. Their first-line pitching has been second rate, their fielding is appalling and their bats seem broken.

Does this mean Cookie is a bad manager, and is that why he was fired? The answer to both questions is no. The evidence is that Cookie is one of the best managers in the business. Last year he drove and inspired this same club to a fifth-place finish, far better than expected. Many competent observers believed he deserved the Manager of the Year award. Lavagetto was fired for the tiresome old reason that when a team is in a slump the owner can provide the illusion he is doing something about it by getting rid of the manager. This, of course, is in lieu of supplying the manager with better players. Long before he moved this team to the state of Minnesota, Owner Calvin Griffith was antagonizing Washington

Continued

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(don't you wish everybody did?)

fans by his failure to supply such players.

It is worth noting also that Lavangetto is the latest of baseball's colorful personalities (others: Stengel, Durocher, Bragan and Gritman) to be drummed out of top jobs. The trend toward the faceless manager continues.

THE GOLD DIGGERS

Last week two wealthy, middle-aged gentlemen got together with two social-climbing young ladies in New York. Object: money and stature. Result: success. Del Miller, the 47-year-old harness racing driver-trainer, won the \$50,000 Harness Tracks of America Pace final at Roosevelt Raceway, driving Countess Adios. The Countess is a shuffling 4-year-old filly, the finest female standardbred to be seen in many years. She always seems to come up with her best races when the purses are the highest. In seven starts at Roosevelt she has won five and taken \$130,150 from that track.

Eddie Arcaro, the 45-year-old Cynano on horseback, had himself an easy ride around Belmont Park aboard Bowl of Flowers in the Coaching Club American Oaks. Many have maintained right along that Bowl of Flowers is at least the equal of the best of the 3-year-old colts. She has now earned \$336,024 while winning none of 12 races and never has been worse than second.

In the coming months these two young ladies will go after honors normally reserved for the male of the species. Never in the same year have fillies been named Horse of the Year in both the runners and trotters. This may be the year.

BONUS-BABY DAYS

Baseball's annual bonus-baby auction was in full swing last week. Boys clutching their new diplomas in one hand and their new hankies in the other were snapped up virtually on the steps of their high schools for prices ranging up to \$175,000. The latter sum is reported to have been paid by the Pirates to Bob Bailey, 18, a shortstop who hit .500, .450 and .475 in three successive seasons with the Woodrow Wilson High School team of Long Beach, Calif.

Bonus babies are a big gamble, and they have often failed to fulfill their expectations. But one big bonus boy, at least, has looked just fine so far. Lew Krausse Jr., 18, of Chester, Pa., for whom the Kansas City A's paid \$125,000, gave up a total of only six hits and two earned

runs, in 16 innings pitched, in his first two games. Bonus babies of past years who came to fruitful maturity are Johnny Antonelli (\$65,000), Curt Simmons (\$65,000), Jackie Jensen (\$75,000), Herb Score (\$60,000) and Lindy McDaniel (\$50,000).

The scramble for kids is getting so frenzied that many critics see it as a step on the road to baseball's ruin. Commissioner Ford Frick said recently that it destroys competition because only a few rich clubs can afford to pay huge bonuses. He added, "It has to rob these kids of their incentive." Nearly all club owners profess to be against the bonus race, and all the big ones claim to be in it only in self-defense.

Rogers Hornsby, now a scout for the New York Mets, who plan to get into action next year, insists no amateur is worth \$100,000. Joe Cambria, 71, a scout for the Minnesota Twins, shakes his head at the bonuses and nostalgically recalls the days when he signed Mickey Vernon, George Case, Eddie Yost and Walt Masterson for a total of \$12.85. Cambria refuses to join the bonus race. "What do I offer a boy?" Cambria asks rhetorically. "I offer him opportunity, nothing more."

TENNIS THE MENACE

Arthur Ashe Jr., 17 and an honor student from St. Louis, won the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's Interscholastic Championship at the University of Virginia last week, fulfilling the high promise he has shown for a number of years. Ashe defeated another St. Louis youngster, Jim Parker, in the final 6-2, 6-3, 6-3. He had been especially impressive earlier the same day in beating Cliff Buchholz, brother of Earl Buchholz, the professional, in the semifinals 6-4, 7-5.

Ashe is the first Negro to win this tournament, and he is the last who will win it at the University of Virginia, where it has been held since 1946. People in Charlottesville have been unhappy at the university's role as tournament host since Negroes began to appear regularly. Despite an agreement with the USLTA extending through 1963, Virginia asked to be excused this year, but reluctantly agreed to hold the tournament on condition that it definitely be moved in 1962. The likelihood is that the new host will be Williams College, in Williamstown, Mass., where the sight of a Negro in white flannels does not upset white citizens as it apparently does in Charlottesville.

FACES IN THE CROWD



PAM BARNETT, 17, of Charlotte, N.C., became youngest winner in history of North Carolina women's amateur golf tournament when she defeated Clara Jane Mosack, also of Charlotte, at Raleigh, attributed her victory to watermelon. "I train on it."



JACK CHRISTENSEN, a Miami building contractor, hauled in an 18-foot 6-inch, 293-pound blue marlin in 23 minutes in International Blue Marlin Tournament off Hatteras, N.C., thereby clinched amateur title for his Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club.



JUDY MORTIMER, a junior at the University of Washington and the daughter of a Seattle golf pro, rallied to win 17th annual Women's Collegiate Golf Tournament, defeated Karen Schell of the University of Kansas I, at Ann Arbor, Mich.



RAY ETHERLY, Albuquerque (N. Mex.) 18, senior who won 100-yard and 220-yard dashes three consecutive years in New Mexico high school championships, buckled head wind to win same dashes (in 9.7 and 21.3) in Golden West Relays at Los Angeles.



RONALD ZINN of Orland Park, Ill., a West Point first classman, set course record of 1:41.51 in winning National AAU 20-kilometer championship walk at Buffalo, finished 26 seconds ahead of Jack Mortland of Ohio Track Club of Columbus.



E. NEWBOLD SMITH, 36-year-old Philadelphia investment banker, used light winds and his Cam D Acorn's time allowance to advantage, skippered 40-foot, skeeg-rigged boat to first place in Annapolis-to-Newport race in the 39-20.21.

How to get more mileage off the tee

By Jay Hebert
P.G.A. Champion



The biggest thrill in golf—let's face it—is booming out one of those drives that sends a mile down the fairway. And the best way to start hitting those long drives is to develop the greatest amount of clubhead speed you can. It's no secret to anyone that the faster the clubhead is moving when it hits the ball the further the ball is going to fly. Given a sufficient amount of strength and limberness and a good pair of eyes, the best way to achieve more clubhead speed is to take a fuller pivot, thereby increasing the arc of your swing. All things being equal, a fuller pivot will create a longer arc and a longer arc will produce a longer shot.

First of all, make sure your grip is firm, but not too tight. Too tight a grip creates muscular tension that you don't want. Secondly, keep your head absolutely still at all times during the swing. Thirdly, bring your shoulders and hips further around on the backswing. In other words, take a fuller pivot but make sure you don't sway in any direction. Finally, concentrate on making a full, complete follow-through.

There's no other point I know of where the average athlete with a stick can hit as far as he can in golf. It's tremendously exciting to hit a really long golf shot and I think you'll discover, once you've started taking a fuller pivot and have grooved your swing, that your mileage off the tee will be greatly increased.

Speaking of mileage, I find that if you want to get long mileage out of your automobile tires, you'll have to look far and wide before you find anything that begins to compare with the Lee Ultra M 200. I'm driving on a set right now and I can tell from the tread I'm going to get mileage such as I never got before.



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"THE RECORD BREAKS as triumphant Frank Budd (right) leads Villanova teammate Paul Drayton (fourth from left) and Southern California Striders' Dave James (second from right) by

RECORD DASH

by ROY TERRELL

Sprinter Frank Budd races to a world mark in the 100 while leading U.S. qualifiers for next month's big dual meet in Russia

At a few minutes past 4 o'clock last Saturday afternoon a young man from Asbury Park, N.J. ran 100 yards faster than anyone had ever run it before. With the noise of traffic on the Triborough Bridge threatening to dissolve his eardrums, and the indelicate stench of the East River, at low tide, wafting in gently from the rear to hurry him on his way, Francis Joseph Budd raced down



a step in 9.2 dash. Fourth, another step back, is Dave Styron of Southern Illinois (far left), followed by Paul Winder of Oregon State and

Oregon's Roscoe Cook (second and third from left). The Marinos' Ed Collymore (third from right) was seventh, Chicago's Ira Marcheson last.

EN ROUTE TO MOSCOW

Photographs by Herb Scherfman

the black cinder straightaway of Downing Stadium on Randalls Island in New York City in 9.2 seconds to bury the oldest of world records.

The occasion was the 73rd edition of America's largest and often most confusing track meet, the annual national championships of the AAU. The place was alive with more than 500 of the best athletes that the U.S. could produce. To

such a gathering the revision of records is all part of the day's work, like getting sunburned or trying to remember where you left your sweat pants. But no one—ordinarily—goes around revising records in the 100-yard dash. Thirty years ago it was 9.4 seconds. In 1948 Mel Patton lowered it to 9.3. In the next 13 years 12 runners equaled Patton's time. No one, however, improved it without a

hurricane at his back. Not until Budd,

Hardly anyone would pick Frank Budd to run 100 yards so fast. A mysterious childhood disease left his right calf noticeably smaller than its mate. Budd's coach at Villanova, Jumbo Jim Elliott, and various doctors who have examined him believe the cause to have been polio; Frank and his mother say no. Patton himself always said that the

continued

RECORD DASH

first man to run 9.2 would be tall and strong and quick, a young giant with the reflexes of a cat. Budd is completely middle-size: 5 feet 10 inches, 172 pounds—and he never seems to be in a hurry until he runs. He lacks the effortless grace of a Piton or a Bobby Morrow. He does not have the catapult start of Jim Gailiudis or Ira Murchison. He has none of the incredible finishing power of Ralph Metcalfe or Dave Sime. He just hustles along.

But Frank Budd has no weaknesses, either. His start, if unspectacular, is still

very good; he is never caught languishing in the blocks. Since curing an old habit of straightening up toward the end of a race, his finish has improved. And his acceleration in that vital pickup area, 10, 20 yards down the track, where big races are often won, is as good as that of anyone. At the age of 21, he is a sensible, well-balanced young man who prefers to let others worry about the races he is going to run.

One reason others were worrying last Saturday was that Budd, after running fifth in the Olympic 100 meters at Rome, had won 21 straight races, indoors and out. Twice this season he ran 9.3, tying

himself again, and he accomplished the feat on the notoriously slow eastern tracks where no one had run such times before. Jumbo Elliott was among those who felt that on the right day, with the right competition, there was no reason why Budd could not run 9.2.

Budd ran three races on Saturday. He ran 9.4 in his qualifying heat and 9.4 in his semifinal, breezing. Then he crouched in his blocks for the finals. The fact that he had drawn the spike-chopped inside lane did not worry him, nor did the fact that two of his opponents—Munichson and Cook—had once run 9 1/4 themselves. He looked up the track at the fin-

CLEARING SEVEN FEET, HIGH JUMPER BOB AVANT OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA STRIDERS LIFTS LEFT KNEE HIGH, REACHES DESPERATELY



ish line, 100 yards away, and waited for the starting gun.

At 10 yards Budd was clearly in the lead. "It was a very good start," he said later. At 40 yards he was almost a stride ahead. At 70 yards James moved up on his shoulder. James's real name is Salawatha Negawachacomondidite and he is half Chinchahee Apache. He is a very intelligent fellow, educated at UCLA and Cal Tech and on his way to studying medicine at the University of Geneva, and he is also Frank Budd's friend but, like anyone with an Apache at his heels, Budd fled. He crossed the finish line a good yard ahead. Drayton, his

Villanova teammate who always comes charging at the end—and who beat a very tired Budd the next day in the 220—passed James to finish second.

One of the three first-place stop watches caught Budd in 9.4, but this was patently in error; the other two watches read 9.2, sufficient to certify the faster time as correct, and the three watches on second place all stopped at 9.3. The wind gauge registered .5 meter per second, or just over one mile an hour, quite a bit under the International Amateur Athletic Federation's maximum allowance for a following wind of about 4½ miles an hour. And the track itself later

measured 100 yards 114 inches. Everything checked out. Frank Budd had run history's first official 9.2.

It was well that the 100 produced fireworks since the mile, which was supposed to be fabulous, turned out to be a dud. The only person who was happy about the result was Dyrrol Burleson. He won and he beat Jim Beatty for the first time in four attempts.

Burleson and Beatty are America's two fastest milers. Burleson, a slender, blond 21-year-old from the University of Oregon, set an American record of 3:57.6 last May. Beatty, a small, dark, 26-year-old who once ran for North

continued on page 46

FOR THE SKY AND SOMERSAULTS AWKWARDLY BUT HAPPILY INTO SAWDUST PIT ON HIS WAY TO VICTORY—AND A MILD BACKACHE





THE BOUT BEGINS WITH A BOW

No Fair, Ya Little Bully!

In judo—unlike more orthodox contact sports—the cry of protest should go: “No *fair* pickin’ on the big guy.” For the *judo-ka*, or devotee, operates by turning the other man’s bulk and strength against him. This was what happened to hefty 11-year-old Norman Kleinberg at the Starlight Roof of Manhattan’s Waldorf-Astoria during the 11th semiannual *shui* (tournament) of Judo Inc., an organization currently trying to teach this useful sport to some 500 U.S. youngsters. As a younger, more successful and slighter *judo-ka* explained scientifically after the valiant but fallible Norman’s defeat: “He pushed when the other guy pulled.”

Photographs by Herb Schoenman







The mural: (1) Leonard Jerome, (2) James McLaughlin, (3) Fred Tark, (4) Pierre Lorillard, (5) August Belmont & (6) James R. Keene, (7) Tod Sloan, (8) Trustee George M. Odors, (9) Snapper Garrison,

(10) Isaac Murphy, (11) "Father Bill" Dohy, (12) William C. Whitney, (13) David Holland, (14) Alfred Hennen Morris, (15) Walter S. Vought, (16) George H. Bull, (17) John E. Madden, (18) Walter Miller.

Who's Who at the Big A?

(1) J. B. Campbell, (2) F. S. von Stade, (3) W. M. Jeffords, (4) George Woolf, (5) Max Hirsch, (6) Ben Jones, (7) Ted Atkinson, (8) J. A. Morris, (9) A. G. Vanderbilt and Native Dancer, (10) Eric Guern, (11)

Preston Burch, (12) Eddie Arcore, (13) A. T. Cole, (14) George Humphrey, (15) J. M. Schiff, (16) Isabel Sloane, (17) Wallis Shoemaker, (18) J. M. Gaver, (19) Jimmy Jones, (20) Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons.





(1) Laverne Fazio, (2) Tommy Hitchcock, (3) James Rowe, (4) Mrs. H. P. Whitney, (5) Mr. Whitney, (6) Payne Whitney, (7) Sonny Workman, (8) Sam Riddle, (9) J. E. Widener, (10) Clarence Kummer on

Man o' War, (11) Earl Sands, (12) Sam Hildreth, (13) Will Harbo, (14) William Woodward Sr., (15) A. J. Jorner, (16) Pete Bostwick, (17) Mrs. H. C. Phipps, (18) Howell E. Jackson, (19) F. Ambrose Clark,

What do you do at the race track after your bet is down? At New York's Aqueduct the answer is easy. You look at the new 35-foot-long mural by Artist Peb (Pierre E. Bolloq) and bet your friends they can't identify the 80-odd turf enthusiasts caricatured in it. In a fair book, a correctly identified Leonard Jerome, a founder of U.S. racing, should pay about 90 to 1.

(1) Hirsch Jacobs, (2) John Clark, (3) Joseph Walker Jr., (4) W. D. Fletcher, (5) C. V. Whitney, (6) Manuel Ycaza, (7) R. J. Kleberg Jr., (8) Mrs. J. D. Hertz, (9) Jack Whitney, (10) Mrs. C. S. Payson, (11)

H. F. Guggenheim, (12) C. T. Chenery, (13) Ogden Phipps, (14) Jimmy Kilroe, (15) J. W. Galbreath, (16) E. T. Dickinson, (17) J. C. Brady, (18) George Widener, (19) J. W. Hanco, (20) Marshall Cassidy.







REALLY IN THE ROUGH

Michael Bonallack survived an awful lie on the final day to win the British Amateur championship

by HENRY LONGHURST

Bobby Jones—and we in Britain would no more call this greatest of all golfing ambassadors Bob than we would shorten Princess Margaret to Meg—goes on record as saying that of all the tournaments he ever won, the British Amateur was the most difficult. The Amateur is still difficult (*left*). By a tradition that will never be abandoned in Britain, it is played on a seaside course. This means that a hole which needs a two-iron against the wind on Monday may call for a controlled downwind seven-iron on Tuesday. Target golf and approved swing are not enough. A man must have the skill and the nerve to manufacture shots as he goes along. Many Americans, to our pleasure, have proved to possess both, but all have admitted that it taxed their golfing ingenuity to the utmost to win over a series of 18-hole matches in Britain.

The Ailsa course at Turnberry, named after the offshore solid-rock island of Ailsa Craig which

continued

NECK DEEP IN WEEDS on 6th hole, new British Amateur champion Michael Bonallack saves par with wedge shot.

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IN THE ROUGH *continued*

rose out of the sea some millions of years ago, provided a magnificent test as well as an incomparable setting for this year's Amateur. Looking down on it from the hotel, one could see the holes winding their way along the shore to the white lighthouse at the 9th, where a new tee had been built on a rock jutting precariously out into the Firth of Clyde, and behind it all the purple hills of Arran and the long encircling arm of the Mull of Kintyre.

The Amateur produced a champion worthy of the course's rigors, and for once an Englishman. He is Michael Bonallack, who at 26 probably is the best prospect to emerge an British golfer since World War II. Massive, fit, strong and dedicated to golf—in the intervals between working in the family business of building motor car bodies—he has risen steadily to the top. The Bonallack family appears to thrive on golf. The winner's wife, Angela, plays for Britain against the U.S. in Curtis Cup Matches. His sister, Sally, has won the Essex Ladies' Championship three times in succession.

In the last Walker Cup Match at Muirfield, Scotland two years ago, Bonallack was only beaten on the last green by Deane Beman, who went on to win the British and U.S. Amateur championships in successive years. Bonallack's golf has matured a good deal since then and, while one does not compare him, or indeed anyone, with Jack Nicklaus, he should be rated—almost alone, alas, in Britain—as worth a place even on an American Walker Cup team. He went through the whole championship at Turnberry (eight match-play rounds) without making a 6; his 69 on the final round showed fourteen 4s, two 3s, a 2 and a 5. And when he came to play the 17th and 18th holes in that final round he was playing them for the first time in the championship. No one had taken him that far before.

Runner-up to Bonallack was a 40-year-old Scots ex-policeman, Jimmy Walker. Walker lost his kneecap in a motor accident two years ago, just after having been selected for the Walker Cup, and now when he leans down to line up a putt he has to stretch his right leg stiffly behind him. Walker's dogged determination and his ability to hole out on the green once his somewhat utilitarian methods have got him there make him, despite his handicap, one of the few English amateur golfers who could

conceivably beat an American over 36 holes. His match with Bonallack resembled a middle-aged tenniser harrying a 2-year-old mastiff. But if the mastiff takes no notice at all, the most tenacious terrier has to give up in the end. He lost 6 and 4.

Except in a year when Great Britain is host country for the Walker Cup, the American entry in the British Amateur tends to be modest. It was even more so this year because of an unfortunate conflict in dates with the U.S. Open. Thus, rather than Beman or Jack Nicklaus, the centers of interest at Turnberry were Jimmy McHale, whose long game is still a joy to the eye, and Ralph Morrow, a reinstated amateur stationed with the Air Force at nearby Prestwick who intends to take up the game for a living again when his services end. Unfortunately, the two met in the third round; Morrow won, and though he was beaten in the semifinal by Walker, he impressed observers as yet another of that apparently inexhaustible supply of first-class American golfers of whom the world has never heard.

One other U.S. golfer who attracted much attention, but for different reasons, was Henry Timbrook, of Beverly Hills, Calif. It must be confessed that, in the purely golfing sense, the English galleries did not take so readily to him. Timbrook found it necessary on each tee, before driving, to attach a portable lead weight to the neck of his driver, with which he performed an extended series of calisthenics. He then detached the weight and addressed the ball, "gazing fixedly at it for some minutes," as one writer put it, "like a thrush looking for a worm." With an ever-lengthening gap in front of him and three and four pairs of contestants piling up on the tees behind, Timbrook offered living proof that slow play is the curse of golf.

The Walker Cup Match between Britain and the U.S. is due to be played in Seattle at the beginning of September. No British team has ever won in the U.S., and least likely to do so will be the nine-man squad due to be picked in the next week or so. In Britain today there are only two players of real class, Bonallack and Martin Christmas, a classical stylist with a surprisingly old head on his young shoulders. From Ireland can be added the familiar figure of Joe Carr. Throw in that good competitor, Walker, for good measure and the English have

continued



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PHOTO BY IRVING PENN. ON ANSCOCHROME® COLOR FILM *

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YOU CAN HAVE BETTER PICTURES BUT FIRST THERE MUST BE ANSCO

four, but Guy Wolstenholme and Douglas Sewell have turned pro. Philip Scrutton was killed in a car crash. Red Jack has given up competitive golf. Where do they find the other five?

For many years the selectors of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, headed first by Raymond Oppenheimer and now by Gerald Micklem, have combed the country for talent and, once found, have encouraged it by every means within their power. The result was shown at Turnberry, where at least a dozen young players—and one or two older ones, such as Major David Blair, full-time managing director of a big whisky distilling company (and still one of the toughest competitors in Britain)—showed that on a good day they could give most Americans, always barring Nicklaus, a reasonable game. But Micklem and his colleagues set out not so much to win the Walker Cup as to raise the standard of Britain's best amateurs. This they have undoubtedly done. The trouble is, the Americans keep on improving too. However hard the English try, they never seem to catch up. It is hard to believe that they ever shall.

There are many valid reasons for this.

One is sheer weight of numbers—200,000-odd golfers in Britain against a reputed 5 million in the U.S. I remember how shaken England was two years ago when the U.S., almost casually, as it were, produced out of the hat Tommy Aaron, Ward Wetlaufer, Boman and Nicklaus, of whom at that time none in Europe had ever heard. There seems no limit to American golfers, and doubtless there are plenty more where these four came from.

Another reason is the English climate. If Nicklaus had played exclusively in Britain's rain and cold these past five years, and had thus been deprived of the practice he got in America, he would be almost unrecognizable beside the Nicklaus of five years' play in the U.S.

Lastly, and perhaps most important, to reach the top in American amateur golf offers glittering rewards. Leading golfers earn \$25,000 a year selling insurance while still in college—and the best of luck to them. To combine business with sport is an accepted practice of modern life, and in golf is in no way an infringement of amateur status. Still, the battle is to the strong, and those who

continued on page 48



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BEAUTY BORN OF



VIOLENCE

When he dives in, the swimmer turns the pool into a violent world. The turmoil and beauty he creates are shown here and on the following pages in photographs taken by Coles Phinizy and Jerry Cooke



TRAVELER IN TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS

The racing swimmer moves partly in and partly out of the water. When his head is turned up for air, he may get a brief glimpse of his rivals and spectators. But most of the time his face is scant inches below the surface of the water; he barely can see and is therefore only dimly aware of the beauty he generates in the two elements. The photographic techniques used to make these pictures provide a unique simultaneous look at both of the competitive swimmer's worlds.

The strong thrust of the crawl swimmer's arms and legs pulls bright strands of bubbling air below the surface






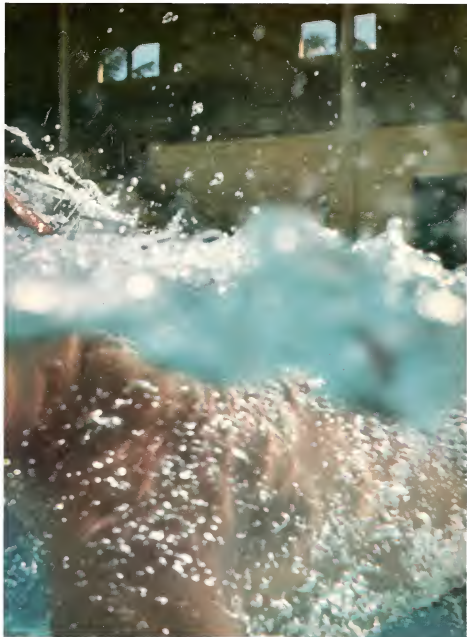
Two racers stretch for the wall at the end of a sprint

A quick turn shatters the surface of the pool



A close-up, low-angle shot of a swimmer's head and shoulders as they break the surface of the water. The swimmer's head is tilted back, and their mouth is open, creating a large, energetic splash of white water and bubbles that fills the upper half of the frame. The swimmer's skin is a warm, tanned brown. The water below the surface is a deep, clear blue. The overall composition is dynamic and captures a moment of intense physical effort.

His shoulders trailing a mantle of bubbles, the swimmer surges forward







Breastroker's grace contrasts with distorted images above the water

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NEW PASSION OF A PROUD PEOPLE

The bullfight still has its special appeal, but now the rage in Spain is soccer. Here is Seville on the hot June day when the Spanish team met the best from Argentina

by GORDON ACKERMAN

At noon the captain of the Spanish team went to Mass in the cathedral in the center of Seville. The cathedral is the largest in Spain, the tallest and most beautiful, and its paintings and stained-glass windows are admired by tourists from all over the world. In the streets outside—in the courtyards and alleyways—the sun was so hot that the flies appeared paralyzed and could be plucked from the air in mid-flight.

At the corner the man known as Estéban, who, it was said, had been selling lottery tickets there since Columbus discovered America, had fallen asleep. Seville, the Andalusian jewel, was suspended in sweaty delirium. From the cool back rooms of cafes and from beneath the awnings and sunshades on the porch of the Hotel Alfonso XIII came the nervous murmur of people talking about soccer and the game that would take place that night between the Spanish and Argentine national soccer teams in the big Seville stadium.

Much of the talk was of the legendary Luis Suarez, who had been voted the best player on the Continent by Europe's top sportswriters, and how he had left his native Spain this spring and had gone to Italy to play for Milan after that team had offered him \$75,000 a year. It was too bad he had left, they were saying, but who could blame him, at that price. He had come from a poor family in the northwest, and when the boy was 9 years old his parents had told him to stop playing soccer because he was wearing out his shoes too quickly. "Take a choice," his mother had said. "Either stop playing soccer or we will make you wear wooden shoes and you will be laughed at by everyone in town." So Luis had played soccer in wooden shoes every day till he was 18, when he was spotted by a scout for the Madrid team, Real. Now he was still in his 20s and one of the highest-priced athletes in the world. It was said that the first thing he

continued

FANS KEEP RESPECTFUL DISTANCE AS SPAIN'S GENTO (LEFT) TALKS TO REPORTER



did with his money was buy shoes, dozens of pairs, just to look at.

They spoke of Alfredo Di Stefano, the star center forward of Real Madrid, which is the best team in Europe and which won the Coupe de l'Europe five years running, till it was captured this year by the Portuguese team, Benfica. (Everyone knew, however, that that game was an accident, that the Spanish goalie had been blinded by the sun; next year Spain would be on top again.) Di Stefano was an Argentine boy who had been bought by Real in 1953 and was now the best player in Spain, with such speed, strength and control that he was called the Manolete of Spanish soccer. He lived in a mansion outside Madrid and refused to tell anyone either his age or his income, though the best guess was that he was 36 and earned more than \$200,000 a year—making him one of the richest men in Spain. Tonight, Sunday, June 11, he would play for the Spanish national team against his countrymen, the Argentines.

They talked of Francisco Gento, another Real man and captain of the national squad, who at this minute was inside the cathedral. Gento was a superb player, not as good yet as Di Stefano or Suarez but with excellent promise and a marvelous personality. Gento was a crowd-pleaser and something of an actor, too, and who could help but love him? It was he who had made soccer popular with the women. Tonight he would play outside left for the nationals.

A crowd had assembled by the cathedral, sitting on the curb and steps—children and old men, young men with their girls, workers and peasants, each of these last wearing his one Sunday suit, his Sunday shoes and his Sunday shirt. They spoke together about soccer, punctuating their arguments with delicate stabs at the hot air with their fingers and with great, vacant shrugs. They carried newspapers opened to the sports pages, and held tickets and programs. The names Real, Barcelona, Suarez, Di Stefano, Gento fell from their mouths with hypnotic frequency.

The service ended, and Francisco Gento emerged, hesitating on the steps as the crowd rose and came toward him. "Gento," sighed the women. "Gento, Gento," murmured the men, not in wild excitement as would Italians or Frenchmen, but with the quiet awe that bespoke adoration. The crowd moved

in; Francisco Gento patted the heads of the children and shook the hands of the men in benediction. "Gento," they whispered. "España, España." He moved slowly down the street, talking with the crowd around him and, five blocks away, disappeared into the Hotel Cristina. There, with 10 tense, perspiring teammates, he huddled over a black-board plotting the attack on the visiting Argentines.

The crowd disbanded and, like the thousands of others who had come to Seville from all over Spain that weekend, people moved into the restaurants and cafés to talk more and to eat and rest before the game. The streets were now deserted because of the heat. The ticket sellers had moved indoors. In the villages around Seville, roasting on the moonlike plains of Andalusia, fans squeezed into wagons, carriages and ox-carts for the long ride to the stadium, each carrying a small Spanish flag.

At the bullfight arena in town, the crowd sat silently through a poor *corrida*, and the matadors nodded angrily toward the empty seats. As the matadors and everyone else in Spain well knew, there is no *corrida* that can compete with a good soccer game, and the one that night would be good.

★

The importance of soccer in Spain and in Spanish life is a recent and startling phenomenon. The game is the national sport as well as the national distraction and dominates conversation in a way that bullfighting never has done. Like bullfighting, soccer has achieved a kind of mysticism and attracts the attention and time of professors, esthetes and intellectuals as well as the mass of Spanish citizens. Learned treatises are devoted to the art of the game; it has been seriously proposed that Spanish university students study soccer strategy as students once studied Napoleonic battle tactics. In bullfighting the Spaniards have found an expression for their sense of tragedy and bravery; in soccer they have found an expression for loyalty, duty, brotherhood. Each Sunday 600,000 of them watch soccer games somewhere in the country, a million more watch them during the rest of the week. Barcelona alone has four stadiums that hold 300,000 people, and at least 15 smaller playing fields. There are 3,600 stadiums in all Spain, far fewer bull rings. The best players, like the best matadors, are among the highest-paid citizens of the country.

The saying goes that "the government is nervous on Thursday," because then there are fewer soccer games than any other day of the week and the people are likely to start talking politics. There is no doubt that the government encourages the game for other than amusement purposes, but it has helped provide Spain with the best teams, the best players and the best stadiums in Europe.

Spain's leadership in European soccer came neither easily nor quickly, though the history of Spanish soccer goes back to the 19th century, when British settlers and tourists introduced the game to the Spaniards. Real Madrid was founded in 1898, but not until 1920, at the Olympic matches in Antwerp, did Spanish players attract international attention. The '30s and early '40s, when Spain was torn by revolt and depression, nearly marked an end to national interest in the game and to Spanish participation in European and international championship matches. The big break came in 1953, when Real Madrid acquired Di Stefano from Argentina. In 1956, when the European cup matches began, Spain swept the boards and remained European champion till this year, when the Portuguese Benfica squad upset them at Bern, Switzerland.

In the world championship, which will be played in Chile in 1962, Spain is certain to be one of the strong favorites. The Spanish national team has already whipped Wales in preliminary eliminations, and in November will meet Morocco for the division championship. Spain is conceded a 99% chance of victory, which will entitle her to a place in the Chile finals.

One of the principal problems of Spanish soccer has been careless organization by promoters and officials. No Spaniard will forget the man named to select the national squad for the 1954 international games. Admittedly unfamiliar with soccer, he fretted for months without making his choices. A week before the team was scheduled to play its first match, the man was stricken with a toothache. His dentist cured it so quickly and painlessly that the soccer "expert" rewarded him by letting him select the national squad. The dentist protested that he knew nothing about soccer; the expert insisted he knew less. No one knows how the pair of them finally picked the team, but the poor Spanish showing that year suggested that they had thrown darts at the sports pages. Fortunately for Spanish soccer, the

continued

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SPAIN'S DI STEFANO (ARM RAISED) KICKS FINAL GOAL PAST ARGENTINE DEFENDER

SPANISH SOCCER *continued*

expert was replaced the following year.

Teams like Real Madrid are masterpieces of administrative as well as athletic organization. Real's success at the ticket window has enabled it to construct a 130,000-seat stadium in Madrid and to undertake plans for a 70,000-seat addition—which will make it four times the size of the largest bullfight arena in the world.

The only real fear of Spain's soccer-men is television. Construction of the new addition to the Real stadium has been slowed pending a decision by the government on whether major matches will be televised. Real's president says, "A trip to the stadium is an expensive, troublesome affair for the Spaniard. We are pleased that we can attract as many people as we do each week from their homes and into the Real arena. We do not like the thought of having to lure them from restaurants and cafés where they can watch the games for the price of a glass of wine."

Television and wine presented no problems on Sunday in Seville, though the game that night was to be what the Spaniards call *amigable*. "A meeting of blood brothers," the Argentine captain put it. Since Argentina and Spain play in different geographical divisions, there was no competition between them for the international semifinals. Argentina had, in fact, already won its division championship and was automatically qualified to play at Chile in '62. The

Seville match was intended to introduce the Argentine team to Spanish players and fans and to demonstrate the virtues and weaknesses of each. Both teams possess distinctive, even contrary, qualifications. The Argentines are superb technicians but are handicapped by a lack of speed. Their physical training and practice is less rigorous than that of the Spaniards, who are fast, better organized, tougher. The Spaniards were confident but far from complacent.

As twilight fell over Seville, 50,000 soccer fans were asking these questions: Could Spanish speed and endurance and the ascetic, almost priestlike training of the Spanish national team match the technique and power of the Argentines? What of Di Stefano, the "Blond Flash," aggressive and highly intelligent as well as a gifted player, who was born in Argentina and played there till he had been purchased by Real? Could he be depended on in an admittedly friendly match against his former compatriots, all of whom he knew well and most of whom he had played with?

The first half went slowly, but the *amigable* atmosphere that had reigned earlier disappeared the moment the teams came from their dressing rooms. Argentina was a surprise; better organized and faster than it had been at the Stockholm games in '58, it kept the ball agonizingly close to the Spanish goal most of the half. It was led by Federico Sacchi and Hector Guadi, two tough lads from Buenos Aires. There was serious concern among the Spaniards, for both Gento and Di Stefano were care-

less. José Vicente, Spain's Catalonian goalie, at 22 playing for the first time on the national squad, was the savior of the first half.

When the Spanish team emerged from the dressing room after the interval between halves, the players were boiling with excitement, and the first minutes were marred by offside and fouls. Soon the balance shifted almost imperceptibly to Spain, and the Argentines retreated to the defense of their own goal. At 20 minutes into the second half Luis Del Sol, a 24-year-old Real player, captured the ball from Argentina at mid-field and, unsupported, carried it past most of the Argentine backfield. As Del Sol approached, the Argentine goal was undefended except for the goalie and a back. The 50,000 rose from their seats, Del Sol swerved to escape a defender. Then he kicked and sent the ball squarely through the posts.

From then on, it was as if Spain were alone on the field. The Spaniards toyed with the Argentines. Di Stefano and Gento carried the ball clownlike back and forth across the field while the opponents tripped and trailed behind. It was a victory for Spanish training, speed and endurance. The Argentines tired easily in the second half; the clever teamwork with which they had opened the game fell quickly apart.

Although Argentina was impotent offensively, the South Americans seemed determined to hold their defeat to 1-0. Many in the crowd stood and stretched and prepared to leave, and not everyone was watching when Gento and Del Sol captured the ball in their own territory and started trotting toward Argentina. The crowd turned to see Del Sol and Gento hurtling past mid-field trailed by two breathless Argentines. Just ahead of them was Alfredo Di Stefano. Everyone rose to watch the inevitable. Del Sol, alone, dodged two Argentine backs. Two other defenders converged on him, and Del Sol passed to Di Stefano. Twice Di Stefano circled the Argentine guarding him. He spun the ball up to his knee, and as it fell, hit it hard and perfectly into the goal.

For a few moments Del Sol, Gento and Di Stefano had held the 50,000 on their fingertips. The roar that followed Spain's second goal seemed to rattle even the stone columns. The smiles of the winners, as broad as the Costa Brava, bore profound joy and the promise of inestimable victories.

END



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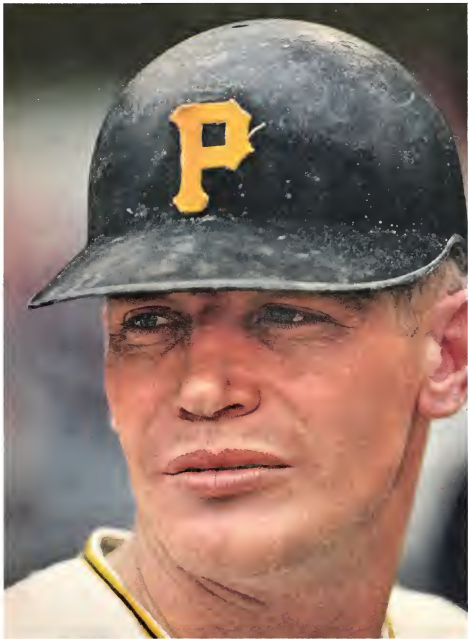
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A GUNG-HO MARINE AT THE HOT CORNER

Don Hoak, Pittsburgh's roughneck third baseman, is trying his best to bully the Pirates into a second straight National League pennant

by **WALTER BINGHAM**

When he is on a baseball field Don Hoak, the third baseman of the Pittsburgh Pirates, is not a pleasant man. He is cruel and vulgar and affable with hate. Nothing is more important to him than winning, and if it means telling his own tired pitcher that he is a coward in order to goad him into one more strong inning, then he does it. Let the pitcher despise him, as long as he retires the side.

Pirate pitchers do not despise Hoak, nor do any of the other players, for that matter. Most of them have been cursed, insulted or challenged by Hoak, and perhaps they have hated him briefly, but they realize they have been better players and a better team because of it. "He carried us last year," says one Pirate. "He kept us alive. We couldn't have won the pennant without him."

Off the field, dressed in a navy-blue jacket with gold buttons, Hoak looks like a young businessman on a suburban weekend. His hair is light and crew-cut, and his eyes are a cool green. He has a wide mouth, perfect for grinning or, if necessary, sneering. The only clue to his roughneck personality is a dent on his nose about halfway down, the result of multiple breaks.

Photograph by John G. Zimmerman

ALWAYS READY for battle, at 33 Sapper veteran Hoak is having finest season of his career.

Hoak contributed much more than his fiery spirit to the Pittsburgh cause last year. He hit .282, fielded magnificently at third and was almost invariably involved in the Pirates' late-inning rallies. This season the Pirates have been struggling to regain the 1960 magic, but Hoak has been better than ever. His .340 batting average leads the league and confirms his right to blast his teammates whenever he feels they are dragging.

Hoak doesn't needle all of the Pirates. Men like Vernon Law, Elroy Face, Bob Skinner and Bill Virdon are quiet, determined competitors who are always bearing down. Dick Groat, the team captain, needs no prodding either. On the contrary, Groat is so intense that Hoak often tries to make him relax.

Pitchers, apart from Law and Face, are his prime concern. "It seems like I'm always saying, 'Hoak comes over to the mound,'" says Bob Prince, the Pirate TV and radio announcer. "Some of the wives of the other players have complained to me about the number of times I mention Hoak. It's just that he's always doing something, and I have to report it."

Smoky Burgess and Dick Stuart also receive a lot of the Hoak treatment. "Smoky is a great hitter," says Hoak, "but he doesn't always bear down. Once in a while I have to tell him not to let this rinky-dink pitcher get him out." With Stuart, the big, good-natured first

baseman, Hoak is merciless. "He really says some awful things to Stuart," says a teammate. Earlier this season Stuart was discovered writing a letter in the dressing room during a game. To Hoak this approaches treason. "I don't see how a guy . . ." he starts to say, and his voice trails off as he shakes his head in wonder.

Hoak may be rough on his teammates, but he is quick to defend them against outside attack. Early this season Roberto Clemente was knocked down by a Chicago pitcher. On the next pitch Clemente swung viciously and missed. It was an obvious warning to the pitcher against any more close throws. The Cub catcher, a rookie named Dick Bertell, told Clemente he'd better not swing like that again. Clemente said a few words back and was quickly surrounded by Cub players and coaches. Hoak led the Pittsburgh charge. "He was out there all by himself," says Hoak. "Somebody had to go out there and help him out. It all quieted down pretty quick. The next time I came to bat Bertell apologized, I told him to forget it."

When Hoak was with Cincinnati four years ago he "helped out" a teammate in a brawl with Brooklyn and got slugged in the eye from the side by the Dodgers' Charlie Neal. Before Hoak could fight back he was pulled away. After the game Hoak made such bold threats against Neal that League President Warren Giles

continued



ONE OF LEAGUE'S MOST EFFECTIVE BENCH JOCKEYS, HOOK NEVER NEGLECTS HIS ART

GUNG-HO MARINE *continued*

issued a formal warning. "Hook hasn't forgotten," says one Pirate. "He's still out for Neal, and he'll get him too."

Hook has a fanatical desire to play every inning of every game. Recently Manager Danny Murttaugh put Johnny Logan in to replace Hook late in a game. "Just remember, this is my position," Hook growled as Logan took over. "I play 154." "We were winning 9-1," says Logan, "a real laughter. And Hook's yelling, 'More runs, more runs!'"

Since coming to the Pirates in 1959, Hook hasn't missed a game. Last summer he suffered an injury that would have kept a noeman man out of the lineup for a week. A few of the Pirates were invited to a party in a Pittsburgh suburb one Saturday evening; there was a swimming pool on the property, and everyone went in to cool off. Coming out, Hook slipped on the ladder and opened a huge gash on his right foot. It ran along the top, between the webbing of the toes and down into the sole.

"It was a terrible-looking cut," recalls Bob Prince. "One of the guests was a doctor, and he had his bag of instruments with him. He was going to sew it up, but he didn't have any anesthesia. 'Go ahead and sew the goddamn thing,' Don told him. The doctor started to sew and Don lay there smoking a cigarette. His face was white, but he didn't say a thing. Gino Cimoli looked a little sick and had to leave. I wanted to leave, but I was holding his foot."

"When the doc finished with the bottom he told Don he'd have to take three more stitches along the top and that it would hurt a lot more than the bottom. 'Just sew,' Don told him. When it was over the doctor told Don he wouldn't be able to play for some time. 'Go to hell,' Don said. 'There's a double-header tomorrow, and I play two.'"

Hook did play two. He taped up his foot and squeezed it into an old, loose baseball shoe. Somehow he managed to keep from limping so that Manager Murttaugh never realized he was hurt. The second game went 11 innings and Hook

singled in the winning run. After the game was over, Hook sat in his uniform in the dressing room until most of the players had left. When he tased off his right shoe his sock was soaked in blood.

Hook's almost frightening competitive spirit was probably kindled during his childhood, which he is reluctant to talk about. "There's no point in discussing it," he says. "It would just hurt a lot of people." It has been written and is presumably true that he was born in Roulette, Pa. in 1928, that he joined the Marines at 16 (he lied about his age) and that he took part in landings on Okinawa and Saipan. After the war he wound up in Florida as a professional boxer, had about 40 fights in small clubs, got cut up and had his nose broken a few times and finally decided that baseball was a better way of life.

The Brooklyn organization signed him, and for seven years he struggled in the minors—Valdosta, Nashua, Greenville and Montreal. At Montreal under Walt Alston, now manager of the Dodgers, Hook made a play Alston still raves about. "Toronto had a runner on third base," says Alston. "They flashed the squeeze sign. I never did know whether Don stole the sign or not, but he came racing in as the pitcher threw the ball. It took guts, because if the batter had swung he might have killed him. But the batter bunted and Hook was in so close he grabbed the ball, tagged the runner coming home and then threw to first for the double play. I've never seen a play like it."

Hook finally made it to the Dodgers in 1954, but he never got to play much. The Dodgers had men like Billy Cox and Jackie Robinson to play third base, and besides, as Hook says, he was not a very good player then. His outstanding achievement was playing the entire seventh game of the 1955 World Series, the final game of the first series the Dodgers ever won. (It is interesting that Hook wears his Dodger ring, not the one he got for being with the Pirates in last year's Series. "I guess I just got used to the old one," he says.)

The Dodgers traded Hook that winter to Chicago, where he distinguished himself by hitting .215 and striking out six times in one game. "That's a record," Hook says, and he can smile faintly when he says it. After the poor season with the Cubs he moved on to Cincinnati where he came under the direction of Birdie Tebbets.

"Tebbetts taught me everything," says Hoak. Birdie changed Hoak's batting stance, telling him to stand up straighter at the plate. He also told Hoak that he was a better player than he thought he was. Hoak hit .293 for Tebbetts and drove in 89 runs. Not long ago Hoak was discussing players who don't hustle. "I can't understand a player who won't give you 90 feet [i.e., run out a fly ball]," he said. That used to be one of Tebbetts' favorite expressions.

On to Pittsburgh

Tebbetts reluctantly traded Hoak, along with Harvey Haddix and Smokey Burgess, to Pittsburgh for Frank Thomas in 1959. It was, of course, a fine trade for the Pirates since all three players contributed to last year's success, capped by the scrappy victory over the Yankees in the World Series. Hoak, jabbing in the needle, still refers to the Yankees as a "second-rate" team.

This season the Pirates have hardly been first-rate themselves. Missing is the ninth-inning rally that converted so many of last year's apparent defeats into victories. "I think they got fat heads," says a Pittsburgh cab driver. "They all have radio shows and commercials." Attend-

ance is off at Forbes Field, and some of the players have noticed more boos than a year ago.

The Pirates, quite naturally, deny they have gone soft. "If anything," says Hoak, "we are trying too hard to repeat. Besides, we're not in a bad position. I hate to knock another club, but I think Cincinnati will fold. We'll be up there. There's nothing wrong with us that a good Vernon Law won't cure." This seems true enough. The Pirates, after 60 games this season, had lost six more games than they had last year. Law was 11-2 after 60 games last year. This year he was 3-4. If Whitey Ford had the same record, the Yankees would be in the same trouble. Law has been having pain in his right shoulder, but no one has been able to diagnose the cause. Returning to Pittsburgh on a bus the other night, Danny Murtaugh said to him: "Deacon, if I thought it would do you any good, I'd take you out and get you drunk."

If Hoak thought it would do any good, he'd go along and pick up the tab. He is a noted check grabber. He is also an inveterate gambler. Dick Stuart, the unofficial major league Indian wrestling champion, has whipped Hoak in under

three seconds, yet Hoak is willing to bet a sizable sum that he would not lose a rematch. "He wouldn't lose, either," says his friend Prince. "He might have to sub-bit-punch Stuart, but he wouldn't lose. Hoak will never believe anyone can beat him at anything. If you do beat him, he just says, 'O.K., now you only have to do it twice more to prove you're better.' That's the way he is."

Even Hoak's closest friends have found him a difficult person to understand. His personality can change with the wind. He can visit a children's hospital, be warm, gentle and encouraging, then go out on the sidewalk and unleash a torrent of foul talk that would drive a sailor to cover. "The other night," says Prince, "I had to drag him away from some guy he wanted to fight. A minute later he was crying his heart out."

Recently, Hoak spent an evening in the home of Jim Woods, another Pirate announcer. Hoak was growling about something when Gwen Woods spoke up. "You may act mean and tough, Don Hoak," she said, "but I think you have a soft heart." Hoak flushed and glared at her. "Go to hell," he said. Then he hurried over to the corner of the room to mix himself another drink.

END

IN RECENT RHURARE WITH CUBS AN ANGRY HOAK (BAREHEADED) IS RESTRAINED BY COACH RON NORTHEY AND UMPIRE STAN LANDER





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Captain courageous

The Los Angeles bridge team, winner over New York in the first two **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Intercity matches, has since been challenged by several other cities. Now Houston's bid has been accepted, and the match will be held late in November, just before the Fall Nationals, also in Houston.

Big as Texas is, though, it cannot dispute Los Angeles' claim to having the largest tournaments. Partly because bridge is a round-the-clock, swing-shift affair in southern California, L.A. almost always produces record-breaking entries. During its recent Bridge Week, Los Angeles set a new regional record, with 7,631 tables.

The Open Pair Championship in Bridge Week was won by the nonplaying captain of L.A.'s Intercity team, Kelsey Peterson, partnered with Erik Paulsen. In this deal Peterson

proved that captains know how to manage their play as well as their teams.

Paulsen was too weak to keep the bidding open with the West hand, and his opponents—Eddie Kantar and Harold Guiver, two of the younger stars on L.A.'s Intercity team—bid smoothly to the logical contract of three no trump. The game would have been made except for Peterson's farsighted play to the first trick and the ready cooperation of Paulsen at the second.

"Third hand high" is the general rule for defensive play, but in this case Peterson immediately recognized the need for a different tactic. If he played the queen of spades on the first trick, South would duck. Then, though East continued spades, after declarer won the second lead West would be bailed out of the suit and even though he were able to gain the lead he could not continue spades. This would give declarer time to establish a club trick which, with five diamonds, two spades and one heart, would be enough to bring home the game.

But Peterson, simply but decisively, fixed the timing in favor of the defense by playing the 10 on the first spade lead. Now, instead of being able to wait for the second round of the suit declarer was forced to take the first round—if he ducked and let the 10 win, he would end up with only one trick (and only one stopper) in the spade suit.

Kantar did his best to steal a club trick by immediately leading toward dummy's jack, but Paulsen jumped in with the king and was then able to lead his second spade, which Peterson's ducking play had so carefully preserved.

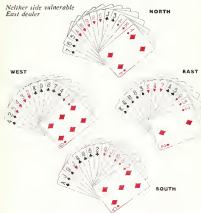
This time, of course, East put up the spade queen, establishing the rest of his suit while he still had the club ace as a re-entry and control, and no matter how declarer maneuvered, he could not bring home his contract.

Had Peterson played high on the first spade lead and continued the suit when declarer ducked, it would have done no good for West to protect his partner's re-entry by jumping in with the king on the first club lead. West would not have another spade to return, and declarer would easily set up a club while staving off attack from every other quarter.

EXTRA TRICK

The exact time when you win a trick can often be more important than your ability to win it. Don't be afraid to let the opponents take a cheap trick if by so doing you keep open the lines of communication with partner. **END**

*Neither side vulnerable
East dealer*



EAST (J. Guver)	SOUTH (E. Kantar)	WEST (E. Kantar)	NORTH (J. Guver)
1♠	PASS	PASS	2♥
PASS	2 N.T.	PASS	3 N.T.
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 4 of spades



MARGARET SMITH HAY WON AT WIMBLEDON HER FIRST TIME OUT

TENNIS / John Lovesey

Mrs. Hop's champion chicks

The wife of Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman is determined to prove that women as well as men can play good tennis in Australia

In the last decade the words Australian and amateur tennis have become virtually synonymous. So much so that it requires an effort of mind to realize that up to now when people talked about Australian tennis players they were talking exclusively about men. "I've often been asked," says the wife of famed Australian Davis Cup Captain Harry Hopman, "how it is that we have such wonderful men players and no women. I guess the answer is that in the opinion of Australia's men nobody wants to watch a mere girl on the center court at Wimbledon."

During the next couple of weeks, however, whether they like it or not, Australia's men and the rest of the world as well are likely to see not one but two or even three or four Aussie girls on Wimbledon's famed center court and, thanks in great part to indomitable Nell Hopman, one of them perhaps leggy, 18-year-old Margaret Smith of New South Wales may end up as the new British champion. With Maria Bueno ill in Paris and Darlene Hard staying behind to nurse her, Smith is seeded No. 2 in the Wimbledon women's singles behind South Africa's Sandra Reynolds. Her teammate, 18-year-old Lesley Turner of Sydney, is seeded No. 4. Both, together with 16-year-old Robyn Ebbern, 19-year-old Jan Lehane and the veteran Mary Retano, are members of the first Aussie women's tennis team to tour the world tournaments since 1955 and only

the fifth in the history of the game. Known to Nell Hopman as "my chicks," this traveling brood was hatched and fledged by her practically unassisted.

Nell Hopman's determination to wrest equal rights for Australian women on the world's championship tennis courts probably was born in the early 1930s, soon after Harry Hopman first saw her playing tennis and swore to a friend, "I'm going to marry that girl." As wife of the Australian Davis Cup captain, "that girl" soon found that when her husband left her to take his team abroad she could not even travel with him. One-sided local tennis association rules practically forbade her even to follow him. They didn't affect her love for Harry, but they made Nell Hop-

man a determined "tennis suffragette," as she calls herself.

It was as the traveling chaperone of an American rather than an Australian player that Nell, who is also a pianist of concert caliber, picked up the practical experience that made her dream of equal tennis suffrage seem possible of realization. Nell first met Maureen Connolly at Wimbledon in 1952 at a time when the older girls in the tennis set were giving Little Mo the cold shoulder. Nell opened her motherly wing, and the two soon became so close that at Maureen's request the USLTA asked Nell to travel with the American champion. When Doris Hart had to have an eye operation Nell even stepped into her shoes and helped win the women's doubles as Little Mo's partner in Paris.

Such an emergency is not likely to occur on Nell's present tour, but there are plenty of other demands on her talents. She has to keep a watchdog eye on a limited budget and the seemingly limitless appetites of her charges (daily weighing sessions are now a must on the tour). And she must provide an endless supply of spiritual fodder for hungry young minds as well. "The questions they ask, you've no idea!" moans Nell. "We lead her on all the time," admits Margaret Smith, then she tells how Nell helped time and again to improve her game.

"Without Mrs. Hop," says Lesley Turner, "we'd all be lost. She does our worrying while we play tennis."

END



NELL HOPMAN WATCHES EVERY MINUTE

RECORD DASH

continued from page 13

Carolina and now runs for the famed Hungarian expatriate, Mahaly Igloi, at Santa Clara Youth Center, has done 3:38.

Both runners arrived in New York in glistering condition. Burleson, who ran at 158 pounds as a freshman and 155 last year, was down to 148. "Lean and mean," he said. Even so, Burleson denied that he was as ready as Beatty. "I think Jim can do 3:54 right now," said Burleson. "He's got age over me, and that's important. But I'm faster than he is, and he can't afford to loaf around. There isn't anyone in the world I can't outprint over that last quarter."

"He's trying to psych me," said Beatty, who like most milers these days often seems more fascinated with the mental stimuli of the race than with its sheer physical demands.

During the week when anyone mentioned Beatty's name in Burleson's presence, the Oregon boy's head would drop, and he would glare at the speaker like a dog getting ready to fight. Then he would grin sheepishly. "I really don't know him very well. I understand he's a nice person. We just never pal around."

Of Burleson, Beatty said: "He's all right, but there are other people whose company I prefer. Burleson is interested in only one thing. Burleson."

"I think," said Igloi in his ruptured English, "that we have a new American mile record by Sunday night."

Instead, 20,000 New Yorkers at Randall's Island were treated to the thudding disappointment of a 4:04.9 mile. "Ron Delany," said one of them, "could do that standing on his head."

The trouble with the mile was that no one really wanted to lead through that first agonizing quarter mile. By the time the quarter was over, in 67.2 seconds, all hope for a record was gone. Later both Beatty and Burleson explained their tactical plans. "I was going to stay right behind Burleson's shoulder," said Beatty. "I was going to stay right behind Beatty's shoulder," said Burleson. This proved difficult, but for a while they both seemed to be succeeding.

Keith Forman, another Oregon runner, led through the second lap when Burleson began to push him along. The time was 2:09.2. Then, midway of the third lap, Burleson took over, with another ex-Oregon runner, defending AAU champion Jim Grelle, and Beatty close

behind. As the runners heard the gun for the final quarter mile, Burleson took off. But Beatty, who had been waiting all this time for just such a move, found himself trapped behind Grelle. By the time he got disentangled, Burleson was flying down the backstretch, 20 yards in the lead, and Beatty had no chance of making up any such margin as that. Burleson won laughing, looking back over his shoulder.

"Of course I'm happy," he said. "I would rather win a mile in six minutes than finish second in 3:48."

"It was the dumbest race I ever ran," said Beatty. "The race wasn't lost by a slow first quarter, it was lost by bad tactics."

"I think," said Igloi, "that he did a big mistake."

"We had three plans," said Oregon Coach Bill Bowerman. "This one was Plan B."

Winners to Europe

Both Burleson and Beatty, like all other U.S. citizens who finished one-two in the AAU, are eligible to join the touring track team that goes to Europe in July for a series of dual meets with Russia, West Germany, England and Poland. "I imagine we'll run a little faster over there," said Beatty. "I know I'd beat him sooner or later," said Burleson. "And I've still got Plan A and Plan C."

If the mile was disappointing, there were other events that were not (see page 56), chief among them the high jump which John Thomas lost—his first loss in the high jump to a fellow American in three years.

Actually, Thomas tied at 7 feet with Bob Avant, a blond southern Californian who goes over the bar like a frightened frog leaving a lily pad. But Avant was awarded the first-place medal because he had no misses at lower heights, while Thomas missed once at 6 feet 10. Because his back was hurting—anybody's back would hurt, the way Avant lands—the winner passed up his third chance at 7 feet 2 inches. "I was lucky," he said. "John is still the best. I've got to do more work with my secret machine." Avant's secret machine is really an exercise involving a table, on which he lies, and a cable, on which he pulls. "I call it the principle of static construction," he said. Thomas, who has no machine, looked rather static himself. Maybe he was trying to knock down the odds in Moscow on Valeri Brumel

The two most entrancing performances in the meet—except for Budd's 100—were produced by a great Olympic champion, who entered almost as an afterthought, and a marine biologist so little known that he would hardly have been missed had he spent the weekend digging clams. The first was Otis Davis, the second John Gutknecht. Gutknecht won the six-mile run in 28 minutes 52.6 seconds or about the length of time needed to reach the moon. Still, he cut 30 full seconds off the AAU record—and he had never run six miles before.

A very mild, modest fellow of 24 with a blond crew cut and a dirty borrowed jersey, Gutknecht trained for the race by running uphill. "It's a new theory I have," he said. "I've been running for 12 years and I tried everything else and never seemed to get anywhere." Gutknecht graduated from Ohio Wesleyan and is now working toward his doctorate, his winters are spent at the University of North Carolina, and his summers at Woods Hole on Cape Cod.

But Gutknecht likes to run, and last fall he ran himself into third place at the National AAU cross-country championships. "I almost never run on a track," he says.

On Sunday, without any real knowledge of how fast he should run six miles around a track, Gutknecht solved his problem by latching on to the two most experienced men he could find. For 3½ miles he followed Peter McArdle, the 31-year-old fireman from Ireland, and Doug Kyle, the 38-year-old defending champion and record holder from Canada. Then Kyle dropped out, and it was the bald-headed McArdle, chugging along with his resolute stride, and Gutknecht, flowing along with his economical one. You could see that Gutknecht was enjoying himself.

At 4½ miles he decided it was time to take the lead; at the finish he was in front by 150 yards. Later he admitted modestly that he could have run much faster if he had just known what the race was all about. If he runs faster against the Russians in Moscow, U.S. distance runners may not seem such a soft touch anymore.

No one ever classified Otis Davis as a soft touch, his trouble was that he seemed to have disappeared. After winning a gold medal at the age of 28 in Rome and setting an almost unbelievable world record of 44.9 seconds for 400 meters, Davis went back to Oregon and got a job teaching school. This



DISTANCE DISCOVERY John Gutzke, a marine biologist studying for his doctorate at North Carolina, won his first major race as he set an AAU record of 28:52.6 for six-mile run.

spring there were reports that he was training, occasionally, and that someday, on the eve of a big track meet, he might materialize. But no one really believed them. Until last weekend he had not run a quarter mile all year.

Then he read an article about Earl Young, his Olympic teammate, in this magazine and it made him very angry. Young, he pointed out, had never really won anything. "After I read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* about that other guy being such a good runner," Davis said, "I decided to come to New York and see for myself. Maybe if I can beat him you'll write an article about me."

Davis beat Young, although this was

not his main problem; the big Abilene Christian sprinter, never able to reach peak condition all year because of illness and injury, was slowed again on Sunday by a stiff muscle and couldn't come within a second of his best time. Nor was Davis' problem Adolph Plummer, the NCAA champion from the University of New Mexico, who had shaded Young in a 46.2 race just the week before. Davis' problem was Uls Williams.

Everyone in the East thought Uls Williams was a myth, a high school myth from Compton, Calif., who was supposed to have run 440 yards in 46.1 seconds. Instead, Uls proved to be a 19-

year-old Reggie Pearman, complete with horn-rimmed glasses and long legs and an uncanny turn of speed. Running against one of the finest fields of quarter-milers in AAU history, he was about as nervous as an elephant taking a bath. "It looks like another high school track meet to me," he said.

On Saturday, Williams won his heat with a nonchalant 47.6, then won his semifinal in 46.4, hardly working up a wheeze. Davis, meanwhile, seemed badly in need of a few practice spins. In the semifinals he ran much too slowly for 330 yards and had to sprint like a madman to reach the finals, sneaking in just behind Williams and Young in 47 flat.

But on Sunday, with two races under his bright green shorts, old Otis turned into the fox of Rome. Around the first turn, down the backstretch and into the final turn, it was a race. But then, while others were making plans for the dash to the tape, Otis left them. He sprinted the last 120 yards. "I heard that Uls coming up behind me," he laughed later, delighted with himself, "so I decided I'd better get out of there." Williams made a valiant effort to catch him but Davis won the race by three yards. The time, despite Sunday's stiffening wind and a track that was beginning to soften and break up under the two-day assault of spikes, was 46.1. Williams ran 46.3, Plummer 46.8 and Young 47.2.

Williams, not even breathing hard, admitted that he had made a mistake. "Otis was like a car shifting fast into gear. I didn't shift fast enough with him. I ought to beat him from now on."

Said Plummer: "If that cat had played the game fair and broken on the straightaway like he was supposed to, it would have been different."

Otis Davis danced happily around the track, waving to New Yorkers as he had waved to Romans last September, and New York, like Rome, took him to its heart. At first he said no, he wouldn't make the trip to Europe. "I'm nearly 29," he said. "I'm an old man." Then he decided that maybe he would like to see Moscow, after all. "But I've sure got to get home after that. In this country, amateur runners have to work to earn a living." Someone suggested he might like another race against Germany's Carl Kaufmann, who finished second to Davis in the Olympics in a photo finish. "Well, maybe I'll see if I can still beat that Carl," he said. All the time Otis Davis was probably making plans for Tokyo and '64.

END

IN THE ROUGH

continued from page 23

survive the competition for such material rewards need to be very, very good.

In view of all this, is it worth continuing the Walker Cup? America cannot suggest stopping for fear of being accused of saying that the British are not worth playing. The British cannot for fear of being accused of being unable to take defeat. From inquiries made on

both sides of the Atlantic the answer appears to be that, illogically enough, everyone wants to go on. It still seems the ardent desire of American golfers to make the Walker Cup team. In Britain it is almost a crusade. The matches are played inevitably in the true original spirit of amateur golf. There are no incidents, and furthermore you know there never will be.

The liaison between the United States Golf Association and St. Andrews is a

treasured feature of international golf—and the young Walker Cupper of today may be the legislator and administrator of tomorrow. For a selection of the ablest golfers to visit each other's country every second year makes for an invaluable continuity. They may note differences of habit, clothing and custom but they become assured that the language of true golf is the same on both sides of the ocean—and come home determined to keep it that way. **END**

BIGGEST MAN ON CAMPUS

by GWILYM BROWN

Jack Nicklaus' victory in the 62nd National Collegiate golf championship last week may not have been over the strongest field he has ever played against, but emotionally and physically it was one of his toughest tournaments. The 21-year-old Ohio State junior had just spent an exhausting and disappointing week at the National Open in Detroit, where he finished in a tie for fourth, three shots back of Champion Gene Littler. When he arrived at the Purdue University golf course in West Lafayette, Ind., on the eve of the NCAA tournament, his massive frame drooped with fatigue. He trudged over to a putting green and shook hands with Houston's defending champion Dick Crawford.

"After going through the Open," Nicklaus told Crawford, "this is going to be like a Sunday school picnic. Except that I just can't get up for it. The last thing I want to see for a while is a golf course. I feel, you know, blah."

No one could blame Nicklaus for feeling the way he did, for it is a difficult malaise of mind and body to shrug off. And it can prove disastrous in a golf tournament as vigorously competitive as the NCAA. Last year, for example, a week after his magnificent second-place finish to Arnold Palmer in the Open at Cherry Hills, Nicklaus was bumped out in the third round, 4 and 3, by Stanford's Steve Smith.

However, it is well known to the collegians who had to meet Nicklaus head to head in the NCAA that he is a better golfer than all but a few of the top touring pros. Even so, he had to overcome

a four-hole deficit to win his 36-hole semifinal match from Michigan State's Gene Hunt, and anything but sub-par golf would have lost him his final-round victory over his resolute Ohio State teammate, 22-year-old Mike Podolski.

He tramped through his 36-hole qualifying round and the early rounds of match play like a serene polar bear. He emerged as low medalist with a 3 under par qualifying score of 140. He thus joined a distinguished list of NCAA medalists that includes Palmer, Earl Stewart, Gardner Dickinson, Paul Hareney, Johnny Post, Rex Baxler and Jacky Cupit. Then, in match play, he crushed a series of undergraduate nonentities and was never in any kind of difficulty until the semifinals. The only fear Nicklaus had was Nicklaus himself.

"I try to concentrate and play hard," he said, "but I just can't. Sometimes on the first tee I'll take a look at my opponent's first swing and figure there's no way I can lose to this guy. You can get beaten that way."

This kind of thinking may have affected Nicklaus in his semifinal against Hunt. Hunt is a Michigan public links champion, but he was No. 3 and 4 all this year on the Michigan State golf team. He puts his right hand so far underneath the club when he takes his grip that you are convinced he will sprain his wrist swinging it back. But he is a long hitter, and he has a resilient short game. Even though Nicklaus shot a par 71 in the morning round, he didn't win the match until the 35th green, 2 and 1.

The Nicklaus-Podolski match paired

teammates against each other in the final for the first time since Tom Nieporie defeated Don Johnson in the all-Ohio State final of 1951. Podolski, whose father runs a punch press for the Columbus Bolt and Forge Company, is another Michigan public links product. He is an extremely tough and efficient player but not as good as Nicklaus. Nicklaus birdied two of the first three holes in the morning round and was 6 under par for the day. He polished off the match on the 33rd hole, 5 and 3.

A surprising winner

If Nicklaus' triumph was not unexpected, Purdue's in the team race certainly was. The Boilermakers had finished second to Houston in both 1959 and '60, but this was supposedly the weakest team Purdue Golf Coach Sam Vosnoff had put on the course in years. It had finished fourth in this year's Big Ten championship, and Houston, as usual, was loaded.

"This is one of the strongest teams I've ever had," Houston Coach Dave Williams admitted on the eve of the tournament. He has recruited so skillfully since taking over as coach in 1951 that first-rate young golfers from Kentucky, Pennsylvania, California, Oregon, Iowa and Minnesota, not to mention the Southwest, keep turning up on the Houston campus. Williams refuses to let his charges play in the National Open, and he brought his team up to the Purdue course almost a week before the NCAA tournament started. This thoroughness had given Williams five NCAA championships in a row and earned him the displeasure of his fellow coaches. Houston golfers had won four successive individual titles, and Crawford, a senior from Jacksonville, Ark., was seeking his third straight championship.

The team championship is determined

during the first two days of the tournament, when the field of 190 golfers as scrambling through the 36-hole qualifying round, this year played alternately on Purdue's North and South courses. Each school is allowed to enter five players in the qualifying round, but only its four lowest 36-hole totals are counted toward the final team score.

The team contest was barely four hours old when Houston stumbled. Lanky Ron Weber stood on the 18th tee of the North Course needing only a par 4 to finish with a solid 73. Then he hooked two drives out of bounds, put another shot into the creek fronting the green and finished with a 12 on the hole. When Crawford could do no better than a 75 on the South Course, Houston was eight shots back of Purdue at the halfway point.

The next day Houston was eliminated early. Tall, scholarly-looking Joel Goldstrand had just finished the 8th hole of the South Course and was one under par, apparently leading a Houston resurgence. Then he discovered he had 15 clubs in his bag, one over the legal maximum. The automatic two-strokes-per-hole penalty upped Goldstrand in an instant from one under par to 15 over. As the bad news reached the rest of the Houston team they collapsed like Chinese lanterns in a downpour. Defending Champion Crawford blew to a 43 on the last nine holes and missed qualifying by two strokes. Only one of Houston's five excellent players—Homero Blancas— even made it into the match play, and he was crushed in the first round by Michigan State's Hunt, 5 and 4. Houston finished tied for 11th with a 610 total, 26 shots back of Purdue. It was a black two days for Coach Williams, but there were no wet eyes among his coaching brethren. "Just between you, me and the lamppost," said one, "it couldn't have been sweeter."

Houston will be back next year, when the NCAA is held on the Duke University course in Durham, N.C., hot for revenge and probably stronger than ever. Jack Nicklaus, though eligible, probably will not defend his title. "There are only two important tournaments as far as I'm concerned," he said, peering intently at a listener with steady blue eyes, "the Masters and the Open. I plan to drop out of school for the spring term so that I can get ready for them. I just don't have the time to combine school, my insurance business and golf. I'll finish up school later."

END



NICKLAUS PUTS "THINKING ENGLISH" ON PUTT DURING VICTORIOUS FINAL ROUND

The Fourth of July is safe and sane now, and pretty dull. Once it was the most exciting day of the year, except maybe Christmas. On the following pages is a hymn to the Old Fourth with its parades, its speeches, its wild firecrackers—and its fierce black powder burns

by DOLLY CONNELLY

AN



OLD-FASHIONED FOURTH

Photograph by George Ebbott



To a great many people the Fourth of July is the anniversary of the day upon which the Continental Congress of the United States adopted the Declaration of Independence. In our family the holiday had no such chauvinistic significance. It was the first day of the year upon which our father went nuts.

The frustrating thing about the Fourth of July is that even if it weren't against the law to shoot off firecrackers, it's impossible to have a good old-fashioned Glorious Fourth. Even if you had a hand-churn ice cream freezer, a 12-foot wool serge flag that smelled of mothballs, and a Pierce-Arrow touring car with jump seats and little containers for flags on the braces that support the windshield, the essential ingredient would be missing. What you really need for a Glorious Fourth is an old-fashioned father.

We had a dandy, a stern, aloof German disciplinarian who made sure on 363 days of the year that we all toed the mark. On the other two days of the year—the Fourth of July and Christmas—a peculiar state of mind came over him. On Christmas Eve he put on his moth-eaten Santa suit and strung bells around his neck. On the night of the third of July he came home pumping wildly on the Klaxon car horn, with the tonneau filled with red devils, giant aerial flash bombs, jumbo salutes, flying wings, Roman candles, whistling piccolo petals, 10-inch sparklers, jumbo lawn fountains, magic black snakes, aerial stars, golden cones, pop-bottle rockets, meteor showers and punks that looked like tiny cattails and had little squares of Chinese communication wrapped around them.

The remarkable thing about these special days is that upon them we were immune from the consequences of wrongdoing. Even the most flagrant flouting of ordinary discipline would elicit from Father only the remark, with a flap of a big awkward flounder hand, "Forget it. It's the Fourth of July!"

In those days the father of a family was the patriarch, the master of the household and all within it, from wife to lowliest child. If a father acted like that nowadays they'd rush him off for

treatment at a family mental health clinic, but then it was considered *de rigor*. No family head today could communicate the wild excitement our father did when he lowered the wall. If anyone had suggested to him that he try palship and togetherness with his family on the other 363 days of the year, he would have turned purple, undulated his eyebrows and popped his pale blue eyes in bellowing outrage. "Gott verdammt!" he would have dismissed such lese majesty. What modern child, whose domesticated sire pushed him in his perambulator and changed his diapers, can understand this?

The send-off of the Fourth of July was in the dark cave of the front porch, rich with the smell of dust and camphor balls, shadowed and secret behind the enormous flag hung by its brass eyelets to nails permanently in place along the porch rafter. From the porch cave the flag glittered with the strong California sun that pricked through an abundance of tiny moth holes. There was always a lot of discussion on the right way to hang the flag. Father thought that it should look frontwards from the street in front of the house. My mother, who liked to sit in the shadow in her rocker behind the flag, liked it frontways to her. In a hurry, I still can't tell definitely which is my right hand and which the left hand, because we learned to salute the flag on the front porch. The proper hand seemed to alter according to whether we were standing on the lawn or behind the flag. Oh, hell, I'll never get it straightened out.

Father placed his hand dramatically over his heart, squared his shoulders and looked solemn upon entering or leaving the house while the flag was on display. We little ones were suffocated with pride and love of country, running in and out of the house a hundred times a day for the overpowering surge of emotion the flag aroused in us. We painted flags with red and blue ink on the backs of our hands, on our arms and legs. We made lopsided paper flags to paste on the windows and spent our savings on little Japanese silk flags, which we fastened by their frail black sticks to our clothes. We came by this passionate devotion to the flag—as a thing worthy of love in itself

—from my mother, who simply adored it. She hung the flag at the drop of a hat, celebrating such lesser events in history as Custer's Last Stand, the Battle of Bull Run, California Admission Day, the charge up San Juan Hill, Teddy Roosevelt's birthday, the midnight ride of Billy Davies (from whom she was descended in some obscure fashion), the San Francisco earthquake, and Alexander Graham Bell's first speech on the telephone. When she couldn't think of an appropriate historical occasion, she hung it out to discourage moths. She left it up a full week for Lindbergh and, I have no doubt, would have left it up for a month for Alan Shepard if she were still with us.

The storing of the flag between engagements was fraught with as much emotion as the taking down of the Christmas tree. Mother would stand tipsy-tilty on her porch rocker and unfasten all the little brass eyelets, dropping the flag in dusty folds into the waiting arms of at least two unequally honored children who were scared silly by the unthinkable danger of letting it fall to the floor. Then with cautious, toe-feeling steps we'd make our processional up the stairs to the storage closet in Father's bedroom and wait on trembling legs while Mother lifted the lid of the trunk and pressed the flag down into its nest of tissue paper. Whew! On our frail arms had rested the whole destiny of the nation.

We weren't supposed to set off firecrackers until Father's show, held on the big circular front lawn after dark, but of course we'd been firing them off for weeks, at a discreet distance from the house. We obtained our firecrackers—not the sparklers and tame stuff Father issued to us, but our very own firecrackers—in a fashion that still may be going on in backwoods sections. Along in May and June, mufflers would run little display ads in the *Los Angeles Times* offering propositions to "junior salesmen." The ads read:

"Kids! Earn your own giant salutes! Firecrackers easy to sell! Everybody wants them! Jumbo packs contain 24, sell like hotcakes! Write Nippon Mfg. Co. for details. You pay nothing until

you sell all! Earn cash or 'crackers!'"

This was just our meat. We fired off penny postcards, painfully printed with our names and addresses, and wasted in a state of churning excitement for our sales pucks. We believed that "mfr.," which we naturally pronounced muffer, stood for a variety of inscrutable Orientals, given to daring faith in the young. Actually, those firecrackers which we did not put to our personal use did sell like hotcakes. On the awful day of reckoning when the third notice for forwarding of sales funds arrived from the muffer, we often would have as much as half of the due sum at hand. I don't remember how we straightened out our accounts. Possibly Mother made up the difference out of her household moneys. Anyway, nobody ever sued us, despite all the threats, and we found ourselves with a plentiful supply of our own fireworks.

The point in shooting firecrackers was not just the making of a satisfactory noise. More important was the display of courage. Thus we held them—the littlest ones, at any rate—lighted, between thumb and forefinger, squinched our eyes shut and waited in fearful suspense for them to go off. We set them off under milk bottles, flowerpots and tin cans. We pounded a particularly hellish device called, I think, red devils, with stones against cement curbing and, while all its parts were exploding in frenzied, hopping chain reaction, ran barefoot through the carnage.

I suppose a slew of conscientious mothers will write me little notes calling my attention to missing fingers and eyes from this sort of thing. Well, go ahead. We did end up on Fourth of July night with queer black burns that smelled intoxicatingly of gunpowder, deep in the flesh of hands and feet. And singed hair. How derring-do without a price? Mind you, I'm not recommending this sort of thing. This is just the way it was. Early in the day, Mother would make up a paul of pungent, medicinal-smelling solution of potassium permanganate. When one of us came yelping into the house, temporarily retired from line of fire, she'd soak the offending member—or swab it down, if in an unsuitable place—in this purple cure-all. Every last one of the eight of us children grew to adulthood with two

eyes, 10 fingers and 10 toes each, and no known lockjaw.

By the time of the town celebration on the morning of the Fourth we'd have run out of this unsupervised ammunition and be ready for the day's events. One of the nicest things about our family was that we were a parade all by ourselves. There must be plenty of people in Arcadia who still can remember our triumphal arrival at civic events, seated about 10 feet up in the air in the tonneau of the Pierce-Arrow, the heavy canvas hood down and reclining in voluminous ballooning folds, the high black body glistening from a fresh wash and polish, and the radiator gently steaming around the angel. (We had a *Winged Victory* in outspread benediction standing atop the radiator with a temperature gauge in her belly and holes in her hands for the placement of crossed flags.)

Arranging us all in the Pierce was quite a deal. First, Frank would set up an unholy clamor to sit atop the canvas hood with his feet on Chet's shoulders in the back seat. He got short shrift on the grounds that he'd fall out if the car hit a bump. Generally Chet—red with embarrassment in his sailor suit from World War I with the little round white hat—sat on one side of the rear seat, braced to leap out over the door fast in the event of mechanical emergency. Ranged beside him were Kitty and Bertha, turned out plump and giggling in curls and dresses with waistlines just under their bosoms (discreetly accented with handkerchiefs stuffed down their corset-cover fronts).

In front of the big children, on the two jump seats, were plunked a sulky Frank and teasing John. I sat as buffer on a board placed across the jump seats, where I was recipient of at least half the subtle, undercover kidney blows that went back and forth between John and Frank. In front Father reigned supreme, straight-backed, high-headed, hands proudly on the wheel, a handkerchief tucked into the front of his high collar to soak up perspiration. Next to him sat Miriam, smugly self-important at the desirability of her placement; and next to her Mother, braids wound high on her head and topped with a bird-wing

hat, mouth pursed in prim line to remind the family that we were all "on show" and damn well better behave. Jeanne, the littlest, was on somebody's lap. This was a day of days when she even might be on Father's lap, hanging on to the steering wheel and pretending to drive while John, Frank and I set up a cacophonous caterwauling for the same rare, exciting privilege.

Possibly because California's population was scanty at that time (we used to tell people you couldn't miss our house—it was the first one east of Pasadena), we children were in flattering demand as performers at the celebration. John and Frank, clad in Boy Scout uniforms, leaped out of the Pierce while it still was underway, eliciting screams from Mother, and joined their corps. The Scouts were led by the doughty Reverend Thomas, in short pants and Teddy Roosevelt campaign hat, high-buttoned shoes and black silk stockings held firmly in place by hose supporters around his fat, hairy white calves. The reverend, puffing on a whistle and sweating freely, waved John, the flag bearer, in place at the head of the group. As John marched by with Old Glory, Father clapped the flat palms of his two big hands together so resoundingly that anyone unfortunate enough to be pressed close to him in the crowd suffered ringing ears for days thereafter.

The Scouts' chief duty was to serve as escorts and bodily props for the trembling ancients called GARs. These GARs smelled strongly of stale tobacco and venerable, earthy clothing, yet they were of such importance that even when they ventured to peck you on the cheek, you weren't supposed to flinch. It was years later that it suddenly came to me that they were Civil War veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and that the reason Mother wept silently over them was because her father had been a GAR. I was always a little slow at catching on to things like this. Or maybe I was interested solely in my own hour of glory.

When all four of us younger children were enmeshed in grammar school, a teacher discovered that I had a rare gift.

continued

I could memorize practically anything. Thereafter no public celebration was complete unless I recited Lincoln's *Gettysburg Address*, with appropriate gestures. For "Four score and seven years," I held up four fingers, switching dexterously to seven. For "nation" I gestured grandly toward John and the flag. By the time I reached the finale my high, shrill voice throbbled with the nobility of "and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." With the proper encouragement—an appreciative audience—I often was so overcome that I had to be led down off the steps of the city hall.

Bertha and Kitty joined a white-frocked cluster of self-conscious, nubile maidens with little flags stuck into the rats over their ears for a high, sweet rendition of *America the Beautiful*.

Jeanne was called upon next for a performance of the Highland fling, juggling up and down sedately while trying to keep her eyes off John and Frank, who did ludicrous take-offs in the audience. Mother always checked at the last moment to make sure that Jeanne had on good, sound, knee-length, black sixteen bloomers under her flying tartan skirt.

There was a political speech somewhere along in here that just had to be lived through while the ancient GARs drooped in the hot sun or gave up and creaked down grunting and puffing on the steps. Finally Frank brought the ceremony to an end with an off-key rendition of taps. Now this may not seem appropriate to a Fourth of July observance, but Frank was the only Boy Scout with a bugle, and taps was the only number he ever learned to play. At the last wavering note we streaked for the Pierce-Arrow, fighting grimly for various adjustments in the seating arrangement, and left for home in rumpled triumph.

Our house was about the best place in all the world to be on the Fourth of July. Because I could be trusted to keep on stirring, I won the job of watching over the cream-and-egg-yolk custard cooking in the top part of the double boiler. I stirred and stirred, standing on the kitchen

stool, watching for the magic moment when the mixture coated the spoon, to the tinkling music of Chet's ice-chipping in the back-porch washtubs. Every step of the making of ice cream—a rare and wonderful process—was almost unbearably thrilling. What do children know nowadays? They open the freezer and dig feeble, substitute ice cream out of a round carton any time they want. For breakfast yet.

When the custard cooled, egg whites beaten stiff with sugar were folded in, and whipped cream, and finally the bit of fragrant milk in which a vanilla bean had been soaked. Then the whole of the smooth, rich mixture was turned into the center well of the ice cream freezer.

Chet liked to turn the handle of the ice cream freezer, mostly to show off his muscles. He was strong enough to turn it freely when the combined efforts of at least two of us little ones could make no impression upon it at all. We sat on the ground under the pepper tree around him and watched him, alert for bits of sucking ice, bitter with coarse salt, that tumbled out of the wooden pail, enchanted with the smell of wet wood and the promise of the dasher to come. At last Mother was summoned, and with delicate care lifted off the lid of the well. Inside was amabrosia, smooth, pale yellow, perfect. Always a little of the bitter, salty water slopped in. Mother skimmed it off with generous spoon and passed the spoon to the nearest child. The shining dasher was drawn forth and shaken a little, to remove big globs of ice cream. We little ones lunged for it, squabbling like buzzards. Then the pail was packed solid with new ice and the whole covered over with wet burlap sacks, for mellowing of the cream. I better stop this. I'm getting a little drunk on old-fashioned homemade vanilla ice cream.

Meanwhile, the baking of the cake, an emotional crisis in those pre-cake-mix days, was underway. If we found signs that read "Keep out! Cake in oven!" on the kitchen door, we tiptoed backwards out of the house. My mother's uncertain cooking was fraught with drama anyway. It wasn't often that she challenged the kitchen range, which had lion feet and a disposition to match, to a cake-

baking tilt. It didn't really matter whether the cake fell or not, because its *raison d'être* was the artistic flag, in vivid red and blue, drawn on its top layer by one of the big girls with little paper cones filled with frosting.

Sauerkraut and thick, fat, spicy wieners; steaming corn on the cob, served on hot platters with bowls of home-churned butter; potato salad covered over with sliced pimiento and stuffed green olives and little sprigs of parsley; deviled eggs in a huge plate with little wells all around the edge for their accommodation; dill pickles filled with tart sucking juice; watermelons chilled in the washtubs with whatever ice was left over from the freezer; floating island puddings with blobs of meringue baked on top and decorated with scatterings of small red cinnamon candies; and devilish near beer, chilled next to the watermelons, for the grown-ups, rounded out the Fourth of July feast. Of course, guest ladies brought their own proud specialties. Always somebody butter-fried big, fat, meaty chickens, and somebody else made an elegant gelatin with cherries stuck in its whipped cream. Aunt Florie brought her famous preserves in cut-glass bowls—incredibly delicious little green-gold squares of watermelon pickle, strawberries suspended in clear red jell, kumquat and pineapple-apricot, exotic as nectar.

Neighbors were summoned from near and far especially to watch Father's performance, which began only after he deemed it dark enough for the full effect of jumbo lawn fountains and such. Cars gathered in the late afternoon—Hupmobiles, Studebakers, Durants and Model T Fords lined up side by side in the gravel of the backyard. The menfolk helped by watering the lawn—to protect it from fireworks burns later on—and by setting up the long plank table on wooden sawhorses. Pink-faced ladies bustled in and out of the house, covering the boards with tablecloths, setting the table, carting huge platters of food with shrill little excited screams of greeting as they passed one another going in and out of the front door. The visiting children stayed near us, watching for a chance to peek at the contents of Father's big fireworks box,

hidden behind the tub of hydrangeas. Babies were lined up side by side on the beds of an upstairs sleeping porch. At last there was nothing more to do but eat magnificently and wait for the velvety darkness of a southern California summer night.

The suspense was unbearable. We pleaded with Father for sparklers, at the very least, and equipped with them ran around barefoot on the cool wet lawn, chasing June bugs and feeling rather like fairies with magic wands. Then all we little ones were called in out of harm's way, to the safety of mothers on the porch steps, and Father took the center of the stage.

Years later I watched a circus ringmaster who had some of the pompous, strutting stage presence of Father on the front lawn on Fourth of July evening. With magnificent extravagance, he shot the works. Sometimes, with fast footwork from telephone pole to telephone pole, he managed to set off as many as a dozen pinwheels at once, all throwing off sparks in dizzy whirls of kaleidoscopic glory. The impact of sight and color and fizzing sound and smell of explo-

sives was dizzy intoxicating. No Chicago World's Fair could come near one of Father's shows. He scorned punks, touching off Roman candles and meteor showers with the lighted tip of a cigar.

Sooner or later, he'd fly so far out in orbit that he'd get cigar and salute mixed up, hurling the cigar high in the air with a shout and clutching onto the lighted salute with predictable results.

"*Donnermetter noch einmal!*" he'd bel-low, hopping up and down, outraged at the perversity of this thing that dared to cast a blight on his hour, while all the ladies ran around in circles hunting for the butter. Plastered and bandaged, he expanded in the general sympathy, courageously firing the remainder of his cache with his left hand to the ladies' gentle susurrus of compassionate murmurs. So brave he was! So gallant! The show came to a glorious climax with a 10-ball repeating star comet, or a jambo lawn fountain hissing an aurora borealis in a great arc of color against the soft navy-blue sky. When it died down in a last gutturing glow we were blinded, surfitted, exhausted. Somebody's tired baby would start to wail in mounting crescendos. Every-

one sighed and stirred, coming back to the reality of bulky cars that had to be cranked and children missing somewhere out in the blackness of surrounding fields. But usually we were due for one more thrill. The pungent fumes of a smoldering buffalo lap robe would rise from one of the open cars and spread over the lawn, stimulating a mass dash to the cars and the garden hose.

The menfolk soaked the robe, and the ladies sorted out the babies, the silverware and the casseroles. It was all over, but there lingered a last sad pleasure on the post-holiday morning after. We children gathered up all the expended rocket cylinders and little red wooden platforms, mute reminders of the night's glory littering the lawn, and with them made a bonfire. With any luck at all, we turned up duds—those fireworks which for reasons best known to the mufflers refused to go off in the accepted manner. Broken open, they spilled little cascades of black gunpowder, which flared satisfyingly. But it really wasn't much good. You could bring back no more than the memory of the pounding heart, the choking emotion.

END

FAMILY PORTRAIT: the author, known as Malty in those days, is second from the right in the front row. Big brother Chet is dead center. In the back row, left to right, Father, Kitty, Bernice, Mother. In the front row, Miriam, Jeanne, Frank, Dolly, John.



BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Managers, pitchers and fans are right—home runs are being hit at a record pace. In 1956 an all-time high of 2,294 homers were hit—a rate of 1.76 a game. This season the per-game pace for both major leagues is 1.92. NL sluggers, averaging 1.98, are behind their best rate of 2.04 in 1955, but AL hitters have more than made up for this; their 1.97 rate is far ahead of their previous high (in 1959) of 1.77. Run scoring is, understandably, higher than last season. In the NL the runs-per-game average for both sides has gone from 8.45 to 8.75, and in the AL from 8.77 to 9.26. This heavy slugging has also brought a decline in shutouts. Last year one of 7.37 games in the NL was a shutout, against one of 8.66 games this season. In the AL the frequency has fallen from one in 8.23 to one in 9.31.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

El Yappe, head coach of the Chicago Cubs, had unique tributes for two players. Of the Dodgers' Willie Davis he said, "He has a motor in his pants." This remark came after Davis walked, sped to second on a fly to left and to third on another fly to left. After Chicago slow-bell specialist Jack Curtis beat the Braves, Yappe said, "He really tantalized them. I never saw him slower." It was Milwaukee's only defeat in five games. The Braves seemed to have more spark than at any time this season, and a dozen home runs also helped. Reliever Don McMahon (5.91 ERA last year) used his new slider effectively and cut his ERA to 2.13. Warren Spahn (up to 296 lifetime wins) manipulated his screwball deftly, held the Giants to four hits and sliced his aggregate opponents' BA for the season down to .221. Willie McCovey (.467) was the only reliable San Francisco batter. Poor hitting, plus the fact that they made just one double play, cost the Giants four straight games. Rookie Dick LeMay then defeated the Cardinals. St. Louis dropped four of six, winning only when Bob Gibson pushed a five-batter against the Reds and when Stan Musial's seven RBIs beat the Giants. Charlie James hit 500, and over a 14-game span the pitchers batted .441, but the rest of the team looked punch. Los Angeles had lots of punch both on and off the field. Muury Wills and Norm Larker threw fits at each other in the locker room and Frank Howard and Junior Gilliam hit ninth-inning home runs to beat the Reds 9-7. But Los Angeles' versatility—or depth—was demonstrated when the Dodgers won

a double-header from the Cubs. Only two players—Wills and Charlie Neal—started both games. Philadelphia rosters showed versatility, too. At one game a half dozen of them got onto the field and ran around the bases, one sliding home with a cigarette dangling from his lips. Few Phillies, however, crossed home plate early in the week. Then they suddenly bombarded the Pirates 12-11 and 6-2. Pittsburgh made four errors in the ninth inning of that first loss and suddenly was struggling to stay in the first division. Cincinnati strengthened its surprisingly firm grip on first place, coming from behind to win four of six. Frank Robinson hit .647 for the week and had almost as many RBIs (13) as at bats (17).

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Three weeks ago Chicago was hitting 345 and was in last place, 14 games below .500. Since then the White Sox won 17 of 18 and passed the Angels, Twins, Athletics and Senators. Last week the Sox batted .337 and scored 60 runs in 56 innings. Leading the assault were Roy Sievers (.600), Al Smith (.500), Lun Apolacio (.455), Minnie Miroski (.450), Jim Landis (.380) and Andy Carey (.368). Also hitting well were New York's Mickey Mantle (.429 for the week) and Roger Maris (.391). They helped the Yankees win four of six, but first-place Detroit added another game to its lead by winning four in a row. The Tigers hit nine homers and scored 31 runs and looked more and more as if they deserved being in first



PINCH HOMERS were hit by the Twins' Julio Bequer, the Cards' Carl Sawatski. Bequer's came in the ninth, Sawatski's with two on.

place. Because of injuries to Steve Boros and Chaco Fernandez changes were necessary at third base and shortstop. After 1,115 games in the outfield, Al Kaline played third for one game and handled the assignment perfectly. Boros then returned and got eight hits in his first 16 at bats. Dick McAuliffe was brought up from Denver to play short. At Denver he hit five homers in 64 games. With Detroit he hit two in his first three games, one a game-winner. Minnesota fans sang *April Showers* during many delays of 48 and 36 minutes during a night game but were rewarded for their cheerful patience when the Twins beat the Orioles 5-4; the game ended at 12:56 a.m. Harmon Killebrew hit six home runs during the week, drove in 15 and batted .542, but still the Twins won only two of five. Home runs did not do Cleveland much good, either. In one game the Indians hit five but lost. Poor pitching was the trouble; the staff gave up 15 homers and 51 runs and suffered five defeats. Washington pitchers had trouble, too. They yielded 7.9 runs a game and the Senators' losing streak reached 10 as they slid from fourth to seventh. Boston held on to fourth, thanks to fine relief work by Mike Fommels, who allowed just four hits in 16 innings. Good relief jobs by Los Angeles' Art Fowler (three hits in 10 1/3 innings) and Johnny James (two hits in 16 2/3 innings) enabled the Angels to maintain their square-wheeled pace of two wins a week. For the fourth straight week Baltimore won only three games. Slumping Jim Gentile, who two months earlier had nine RBIs in one game, smiled when he hit a fly ball. "At least I'm getting the ball in the air," he said. Later in the week he hit two more in the air—and into the seats—to end his 17-game streak without a home run. Homers cost Kansas City Owner Charles Finley some money. Three times he disallowed a city directive against exploding his aerial bombs—used to celebrate Athletics' home runs—after 10 p.m. There was a \$10 fine for each offense, but Finley paid \$100, certain the Athletics will hit another seven home runs shortly. He also hinted he has plans to build a \$300,000 scoreboard that will emit a loud, raucous laugh as well as fireworks.

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Bats Scored	Team Total	Batted 1st	Total Runs Produced
Baltimore Ori. (214)	52	39	91	
Albany, NY (204)	56	36	86	
Atlanta Atl. (202)	42	34	76	
Cincinnati Cin. (192)	37	36	76	
Florida Fla. (190)	37	37	74	
Brooklyn D.C. (201)	46	25	71	
Pittsburgh Pir. (203)	39	29	68	
Boston Bos. (211)	45	22	68	

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Bats Scored	Team Total	Batted 1st	Total Runs Produced
Cleveland Cle. (201)	55	48	95	
Seattle Sea. (211)	53	35	94	
St. Louis SL (200)	56	38	89	
Chicago Chi. (206)	41	43	84	
Los Angeles Cal. (210)	55	29	84	
Kansas Kan. (209)	48	34	82	
Wood Del. (215)	52	25	77	
Power Tex. (218)	38	37	75	

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs.

Based statistics through Saturday, June 24

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MUTINY

Sirs:

I don't know how long it has been since the U.S. Navy changed an admiral because a few seamen rocked the boat, but from last week's evidence it will be a long time before the Navy does it again. The mutineers' choice, Paul Quinn (*Rowing Day for U.S. Rowing*, June 19), and his formidable crew looked pretty poor in their sixth-place finish at Saturday's IRA compared to Lou Lindsey's 1960 Navy boat, which finished second and later won the Olympic trials. Whoever directs Naval Academy athletics should tell "soft-spoken faultfinder" Quinn to goad his men a little harder, or better yet just tell him to go.

FRANK RYAN

Iowa City, Iowa

NAVY'S NEW WAY TO SOLVE MUTINY: PAID OFF HANDSOMELY BEFORE IN-ENTIRE HISTORY OF IRA REGATTA HAS NAVY BOATS GO AWOL

RICHARD EDWARDS

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.

NOMINEE

Sirs:

For the greatness of his audacity and for the greatness of the deeds which have backed up that audacity through three decades of competition, I nominate Archie Moore as Sportsman of the Year.

EDWARD FINNER

Bogotá, Colombia



SPORTSMAN OF THREE DECADES

STAR DUST

Sirs:

In your June 19 issue (SCORECARD), you give your choices for the American League All-Star team. I agree with all your selections—but how can you possibly leave the great Yankee Center Fielder Mickey Mantle off the team? How can you pick Rocky Colavito over Mantle as your third outfielder along with Roger Maris and Jim Piersall?

BEN SCARAMUZZA

Alhambra, Calif.

Sirs:

Brooks Robinson doesn't have a chance at third base against Harmon Killebrew.

DENNIS D. JOHNSON

Greenville, S.C.

Sirs:

I can't see Sandy Koufax as the pitcher. I could name 10 better.

IRA RITTER

Los Angeles

SEEKING RED

Sirs:

As I read your selections for the All-Star teams for both the American and National leagues, I began wondering if you gentlemen have ever heard of a team by the name of the Cincinnati Reds which is fighting to stay in first place in the National League and if you have ever heard of the following players: Vada Pinson, Don Blasingame and Pitcher Joey Jay.

DONALD FLUGEL

Cincinnati

Sirs:

As a Red fan of 16 years' standing, I was quite glad to see your recent and modest article on the Cincinnati club (*The Odds Go Down on Cincy*, June 12). It does my heart good to find the most underpublicized team in baseball finally receiving the publicity it deserves.

WILLIAM J. DOWELL

Falls Church, Va.

YOUNG ENOUGH

Sirs:

Roy Terrell's article on that great young track star Earl Young (*Another Fast Christian from Abilene*, June 19) was a tremendous story of desire fulfilled by hard work. Keep those articles coming about that wonderful sport, track.

EMMETT MARBLE

Hampton, S.C.

Sirs:

Writer Roy Terrell outdid himself this time. Earl Young managed to gain only a second place in the 440-yard dash. Give credit where credit is due. The East's wonder boy Frank Budd was the only double winner of the meet. Let Mr. Terrell redeem himself by doing an article on Frank Budd.

GUY HODGE

Philadelphia

• See page 10.—ED.

Sirs:

Rex Cawley, not Young, is the brightest U.S. Olympic hope for the future.

PHIL GAROFALO

Hollywood

Sirs:

You picked a real winner when you wrote about Earl Young. Your article gives him credit he deserves and will live up to.

LAURENCE R. MANSUR

Tulsa

TIME TO AUTOMATE

Sirs:

When 4:15 was spectacular time for the mile, hand-timing may have been good enough. And tape measures may have sufficed to decide the high jump at six feet. The time has now come to turn to electronic recordings. When the hundred is run in 9.2 seconds the record should not have to depend upon the amount of flesh on the watch finger of each timer and the speed of his reactions. The electric eye could as satisfactorily record the exact height attained by a jumper or a vaulter rather than to limit the performance of the athlete to the measured height of the crossbar.

Further, in fairness to potential record breakers, major tracks should be allowed to reverse the direction of sprints and hurdle races to eliminate the frustration that accompanies having one's new record disallowed because of a following wind.

F. P. SHERRY

San Rafael, Calif.

A.C.—D.C.

Sirs:

The Americans have consistently (past six years) been beaten at the bridge table in international competition (*Heavy Thought and Apogee*, May 1), yet U.S. tournament officials bar the very system of Italian bidding which has defeated them in four of the last five years. This would be like General

Electric confidently building D.C. (direct current) generators when Nikola Tesla had already proved the fact that A.C. (alternating current) generators were more efficient, reliable and accurate. The Italians have proved beyond all question that the standard American bidding is inefficient, unreliable and inaccurate.

G. A. HOBBS
R. G. NETTLEHEAD

Denver

MASTER PUTTER

Sirs:

You say that "Billy Casper, 1959 U.S. Open champion, needs only to regain his putting touch to be a major contender" (*A Real Monster of a Golf Course*, June 12). But back in February you had a huge article on *My Secrets of Putting* by Bill Casper.

Explanation?

TED McNEILL

Palo Alto, Calif.

• When Billy Casper's putting is bad, it's pretty good; when it's good, it's terrific.—ED.

ON TO OBSCURITY

Sirs:

The lead paragraph of the Cookie Lavagetto story in the May 15 issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* reads as follows: "It is typical of Cookie Lavagetto that he should not want his story written 'I prefer to remain in obscurity,' he says."

Aside from being a man of warmth, humor and honesty, as your story points out, is it also possible in view of more recent developments that he may be a prophet?

ROBERT B. HARDENBERGH

Arlington, Va.

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GLENN GUNN

Fish for lunch

A desperate choice faces most school-boys in the days when spring is turning to summer: to be good and go to school or to play hooky and go fishing. The youngsters at Carmichael Junior High in Richland, Wash. had no such problems—they didn't even have a fishing hole to play hooky at. While there were plenty of fish in the swiftly running Columbia and Yakima rivers that border Richland, both these dangerous streams were strictly off limits to the kids. Dismayed at the thought that their children might grow up never knowing the joys of angling, members of the local Rod and Gun Club, whose president, Glenn Gunn, is shown

above with his son David, decided to provide the town's kids with their own fishing hole. With the help of local industry, they scooped out a five-acre lake near Carmichael High, persuaded the state to stock it each spring with game fish and forbade all adults to fish there.

Now the youngsters at Carmichael can pick up trout, bass, bluegill and perch during their school lunch hour. And while a cood or two is sometimes surprised to hear a fish flapping in the locker next to hers, many a Richland housewife happily finds dinner lurking among the books and papers in Junior's schoolbag when he gets home.

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